

GRAIL

■ THAT GOD MAY BE GLORIFIED IN ALL THINGS ■

Doctor, Your Propaganda Is Showing	1
Not Half Good Enough	8
The A.D.A.	12
The Medal	17
Praise the Lord Ye Blast Furnaces	22
My Mother Told Me There'd Be Days Like This	28
I'm Proud of My Dirty Hands	32
Abbey Newsmonth	36
Defend Us In Battle	38
Traitors and Innovators	41
First Day of School	46
Whistles Blow No More	52
St. Benedict the Man	57
Books	60

The GRAIL



Title Registered in

U. S. Patent Office

As long as we are in this life we shall be unable to escape work. The question is: are we going to regard it as a curse and a drudgery or are we going to recognize it as a blessing of God, a means of self-expression, an outlet of love for one another, a release of pent up energy and above all a worship of God

In this lies the true Christian attitude toward work: it is good, not because it has a price tag on it and can be sold to an employer as a commodity . . . but because it is a blessed means of the workman's own culture and perfection. Unless a man can build his life around some sort of congenial work he cannot live a full human life. Work which degrades a man by stunting his human faculties, no matter how productive otherwise or how commercially rewarding, defeats the first purpose of human existence. The wise man Solomon summed it up in one sentence when he said: "Nothing is better for a man than for him to rejoice in his work, for this is his portion."

—Father Walter

EDITOR

Walter Sullivan, O. S. B.

ASSOCIATE EDITORS

Patrick Shaughnessy, O. S. B.
Raban Hathorn, O. S. B.
Eric Lies, O. S. B.
Christopher Hoolihan, O. S. B.

MANAGING EDITOR

Paschal Boland, O. S. B.

STAFF ARTISTS

Timothy Kennedy, O. S. B.
John Harding

The GRAIL is edited and published monthly by the Benedictines at St. Meinrad, Indiana, for the Christian family. With episcopal approbation. Subscription: \$2.00 a year. Canada: \$2.50. Foreign: \$3.00.

Member of the Catholic Press Association.

Entered as second class matter at St. Meinrad, Indiana, U.S.A. Acceptance for mailing at special rate of postage, section 114, Oct. 3, 1917; authorized June 5, 1919.

Change of address, giving new address, and remittance to us a postage stamp suffice.

by
C. Q. Mattingly

In our July issue we printed an article on Socialized Medicine by Doctor Henry Szujewski. We received the following article in protest. The writer accuses the American Medical Association of being dictatorial and unfair in its opposition to compulsory health insurance.

—the Editors

Doctor, Your Propaganda Is Showing

DOCTOR SZUJEWSKI'S article, "Socialized Medicine", shows him a carefully schooled member of the American Medical Association, the AMA. AMA is the stamp of approval not only for drugs, appliances, food products, cosmetics, soaps, Camels and Philip Morris cigarettes, but also for the 140,000 doctors constituting its membership.

The AMA is dictatorial and doctrinaire. Its members are on file and any party-line deviations

are carefully watched. This bureaucratic, prosperous, panelled body of medical politicians arrogant to themselves the guarding and protecting of our American Way of Life, as they capitalize it. They use good and well-meaning doctors as their front-line troops to wage an unjust, un-democratic and un-Christian hand-to-hand combat against all kinds of health insurance. I say all kinds, because at one time and for a period of twenty years they called even voluntary health insurance socialistic

and communistic. Of this later. "It is the incorrigible opinion of the AMA...that the nation's health concerns merely the sick man and his doctor—provided he can afford one. On the findings of the Association itself, half the families of America cannot meet the expenses of a serious illness on the fee-for-service system now prevailing. Yet they stubbornly oppose the adoption of compulsory health insurance to put medical services within the reach of half the families of America." (*America*, for January 15, 1949)

I do not mock Dr. Szujewski's article, nor do I attack him. He is merely playing the well-rutted record of AMA politics. "What alarms us," writes an editorial in *America*, "is that Catholic doctors are being sold unsound, un-Christian and un-Catholic views of the nature, end and functions of the State by the AMA." (January 15, 1949) Dr. Szujewski played for us a faithful recording of these views in his July article. Such canned propaganda is given to the doctors in once-a-month dosages by the *Journal of the American Medical Association*; and only 35% of them read any other type of literature, according to a survey conducted by the Michigan Medical Society several years ago. It is no wonder then that Catholic doctors in the AMA should stigmatize as socialistic the efforts of Catholic editors in supporting compulsory health insurance. The following statement in *America*, December 18, 1948, was bitterly attacked and scathingly criticized by such doctors: "Christian Social philosophy teaches that the security and temporal prosperity of society and its members is the responsibility of the state. When a problem such as the nation's health exceeds the power of individual or group action, intervention by the government becomes not merely justified but morally imperative." Then the *America* waited a month, giving the doctors plenty of time to read the monthly scatology in the *Journal*, memorize the platitudes of the Medical Dictator, Morris Fishbein, and then prescribe little Fishbein pills for the editors of *America*. In reply, the *America* wondered and showed alarm that such a tolerant attitude of the Church in social philosophy should be reprehensible to Catholic doctors: "Is there anything in the principle of Compulsory Health Insurance which is at variance with the Catholic political and social principles?" The negative answer was shored up by citations from two singular pronouncements of the American Bishops—echoing the sentiment of the great Social Encyclicals—the *Program*

of
an
(1
rob
the
cer
are
as
gic
ing
on
med
cy
bee
mea
serv
me
B
bra
plea
riou
of
cas
ber
med
shor
Nati
that
comi
in st
recog
tees
disa
cal d
un-C
and
tors
But

of Social Reconstruction (1919) and *The Church and Social Order* (1940), which in substance corroborated and gave approval to the principles voiced in their December editorial. And statistics are available to show that, whereas on the one hand great technological and scientific progress is being made by American Medicine, on the other hand great areas of medical starvation from inadequacy and unmet medical needs have been abandoned—due in great measure to a laissez-faire, fee-for-service, pay-as-you-go policy of medical treatment.

But Dr. Fishbein made and unbraided medical statistics as he pleased. His statistics are notoriously fraudulent and a clear case of misrepresentation. On one occasion he told the St. Louis Chamber of Commerce that the cost of medical care had increased. A short time later he reported to the National Physicians Committee that it had declined. The comic antics of Morris Fishbein in statistical juggling were finally recognized by the Board of Trustees of the AMA and appraised as disastrous to that body. In a typical display of AMA un-democratic un-Christian tactics and policies, and under consultation the doctors amputated. Even a "lifer" in prison is allowed pen and paper. But not so with Editor Fishbein.

With his larynx out and his right arm scalped an inch above the elbow, he was forbidden to speak or write publicly on controversial topics touching the AMA. Freedom of speech and press? They never heard of it. In 1932, the report of the Committee on the Costs of Medical Care, chairmanned by Dr. Ray Lyman, past president of the AMA and former Secretary of the Interior under Herbert Hoover, was lambasted by the AMA. Ever since that time it has been the consistent policy of the AMA to pour copious beaters of disinfectant on any statistics not issuing from, or prepared for popular consumption by their own medical Economics bureau.

Here is the present situation as viewed by the *Sign* magazine for April, 1949: "The Medical profession, as some of its most distinguished fellows have been first to observe, is being singularly unpatriotic and un-Christian in the selfish blindness of much of its opposition." The *Sign* then gives four points of diagnosis:

"1. The welfare and security of our nation demands that the opportunity for good health be made available to all, regardless of residence, race, or economic status... A great and free nation should bring good health care within the reach of all its people.

2. The medical and allied professions are not doing this on the current fee-for-service basis.

3. It is a fundamental duty of government to protect the health and welfare of its citizens. Where individuals cannot take care of these needs by themselves, it is the right and the duty of government to assist.

4. This the present Administration is trying to do by Compulsory Health Insurance."

And now it (*the Sign*) gives some statistics to supplement the general statements given above: "The fact that only one fifth of the people of this nation can afford all the medical care they need is not wiped away by asserting that the medical standards of this country are the highest in the world... The fact that over 300,000 Americans die each year because of inadequate medical attention is not made less a fact by screaming "socialized medicine", and paying the screamers \$3,000,000 for screaming." (April, 1949) The *Sign* is referring to the \$25 assessment voted by the AMA to be squeezed out of each member to fight health insurance; so that Whitaker & Baxter, the public relations team which defeated Governor Warren's health bill in California, could squander a cool 3½ million on advertisement while

the millions of indigent sufferers could not even be reached with an euthanasiac embolus. (Incidentally, the attitude of the AMA on this recent mercy-killing should be sufficient warning to Catholic doctors to be chary of such leadership.) For those doctors who do not stick out their tongue and Ah! out the 25 bucks, there is the dismal future of the blacklist and lockout to ponder over. One instance of this is already recorded; a famous pediatrician in a big Mid-west town.

The blacklist and lockout are not uncommon practices for the AMA to perpetrate. The case of the Civic Medical Center in Chicago, Dallas, Los Angeles, Philadelphia, Milwaukee, New York, and the famous case of Dr. Michael Shadid in Elk City, Oklahoma re the Co-operative Community Hospital, are scandalous examples of this. When finally the Medical Association of the District of Columbia instituted a program against the Group Health Association, for their progressive measures in health insurance, the government clamped down, fined the Medical Association (a bureaucratic drawer of the AMA and a local replica of the National AMA) for conspiracy in restraint of trade, and fined them \$2,500 in the indictment. Today, the FBI is investigating the practices of

state and local medical societies in Portland, Oregon, New York City, Chicago, Houston and elsewhere.

These are three things which we Americans have always found distasteful and contrary to our Way of Life, viz., the blacklist, the lock-out and monopoly. But the AMA is the protector of our Way of Life. They are spending millions of dollars to prove to you that black is white, that healthy is sick, that Federalism is Socialism. They want to insure you against insurance. The great mass of Americans do not live guided by principles. The audio and visual gods of the RKO's, the NBC's and the Tribunes lead us along a wavy and varying line that intermittently crosses and recrosses the parallel lines of good and evil. The valleys on the evil line can be attributed to the Great Voice of Authority impelled by a moros concept of society, materialism and secularism; whereas the peaks on the good line can be traced to the random shots of what is snidely called medieval religion, Christian concepts and Catholic principles. Capitalizing on our blind acceptance of the Great Voice of Authority, the American Medical Association, statuesque in its former historic achievements in science and humanitarianism, and deified by the adoring antics of its

beneficiaries, has overnight added some 200 decibels to that Great Voice by its contribution of 3½ million. And there will be more millions, to defeat compulsory health insurance.

The favorite tool of the AMA to fight compulsory plans is voluntary health insurance. Listen to General Manager Lull of the AMA: "Given enough time, our plan will take care of anybody's catastrophic illness in the United States." Milton Mayer, writing in *Harper's*, points out three jokers in this statement. One: "our plan" is voluntary health insurance. This is that plan which the AMA fought sponge-and-scalpel for twenty long years, going so far as to call it socialistic and communistic and inflicting on its medical adherents the blacklist, the lock-out and expulsion from the AMA. But when it became evident to them that state societies were installing voluntary health insurance in state hospitals, and when it had learned that conspiracies in restraint of trade were costly, they maternally adopted the plan, over strong protest, and fostered it as "ours". Two: "Given enough time" is small consolation to the 23 million chronic sufferers who want treatment here and now. Three: "catastrophic" is hardly what one would call coverage in an insur-

ance policy. The facts show that it is the "chronic" and not the "catastrophic" that is costlier.

Another bogey of the AMA is that the compulsory plans would abolish private practice. This means that for the prosperous and fee-laden AMA administrators, serving the upper-crust, there would be a limit to the extortion they could squeeze out of their wealthy patients. They murmur something about doctor-to-patient relationships and "freedom of choice." This is a real fear, but a selfish one. It means that the great mass of underpaid and over-worked clinicians will now get a decent wage from the patients they treat, whereas the plush consultants will have to work for a living—get out and hustle up some patients. A doctor's wage will depend upon his medical skill and not upon appointments and "recommendations" from other doctors.

Ask a doctor about cancer or diabetes and you will get an intelligent and personal response. But ask him about health insurance and you will invoke screams of "socialism", "communism", and

he will rattle off memorized phrases, parroted clichés and froth at the mouth like any soap-box communist. The word "socialized" has a mesmerizing influence on doctor and patient alike. "Socialized Medicine" is not only a misnomer as applied to health insurance plans now being mulled over, but a gross misrepresentation—that is the long way of spelling lie. It is private medicine insured. Here we see how a stereotyped symbol, a loose idiomatic cliché, can turn a ripe mind sour in a moment. Socialized medicine is had only in the USSR. If health insurance means, according to the AMA, "the death of individualism, of humanitarianism, and of scientific practice," then, says Milton Mayer in *Harper's*, November, 1949, "Norway, Sweden, Denmark, France, England and 35 other countries have all been barbarized." Misrepresentation, we call it lying, is a favorite pastime of the communists. And when our self-styled proponents of the American Way, the AMA, stoops to this and other forms of street fighting, let us be very careful of their leadership.

"It is much easier to be critical than to be correct."

DISRAELI

\$3.0

War or Peace?

Peace IF Our Blessed Mother's requests at Fatima are fulfilled. The Children of Fatima Club is an organization formed for the purpose of encouraging prayers for peace. To join this club simply send in your name and address to the Fatima Club, St. Meinrad, Ind.



THE GRAIL has 21 new Christmas designs that have never been used before. Drawn especially for this series of Christmas cards by Janet Kennedy of New York. 21 cards and envelopes \$1.00.

SPECIAL BARGAIN of 4 boxes containing 84 cards and envelopes \$3.00. Order from THE GRAIL Office, St. Meinrad, Indiana

NOT HALF GOOD ENOUGH

I met Angie one shining spring morning and nothing has ever been quite the same since. One shining spring morning and now it's Autumn and I'm a senior and seventeen years old and Dad lets me use the big car the way he promised and none of it is any good. None of it.

I was on the Dennis Street bus that goes out to Parker's lots where our baseball team was having its first practice and there was only one empty seat. It was next to this girl and she was a sophomore in our school and we got talking. So I got off at her stop and we stood in front of her house and talked for three hours and that was how I met Angie.

She had very dark hair, Angie did, not coarse but fine and soft. She had gentle eyes, brown, full of lights and she never seemed to stand still nor sit quietly. She was slim and very gay, all color and movement like a Mexican painting.

Dad kidded me about it. "Got a girl, eh Jim?" Then he'd wink elaborately. "Thought you were going to devote your life to baseball."

But mother, when she wasn't away on some committee or with the bridge club, acted strange about it. She kept asking me questions about Angie and she made me feel uneasy as if I was doing something wrong but wasn't sure what it was. Mother has always pushed me toward Jo-Ann Stevenson, because her father is Dad's partner at the bank. They have money, even more than we have but what mother doesn't know is that there isn't a decent fellow in school who'd be seen with her.

But with Angie every bit of it was golden. Some nights we went to dances and others we just walked and had a malted and sometimes we talked as if we would never get to say all the things we wanted to say and other

By JOHN J. RYAN

John J. Ryan is the author of more than 150 published stories, having appeared in the Saturday Evening Post, American, and many others.



WITH ANGIE EVERY BIT OF IT WAS GOLDEN

PH

times we held each other's hand and didn't need to say a single thing, not a single thing.

Angie's father Joe was a carpenter in the new housing project at Harrison Acres. Evenings when he wasn't too tired we'd sit in Angie's living room sipping cold drinks and Joe would tell us about Italy, the market places, the opera, the churches. He didn't speak English too well but somehow he made it all come alive and real. He was a wonderful man and he had a heart as big as a house.

Then one warm May night, after Mother insisting, Angie came to dinner, Dad teased me about it and somehow all this joking and teasing kept me from ever telling him about her and all the other things I wanted so much to tell him.

Angie was terribly shy, almost frightened through dinner. And mother, in some clever way I couldn't even fathom, made us both uncomfortable. I guess Dad noticed it too because his jokes became louder and more ridiculous. And somehow, the way it was, I was ashamed of them, of our large house and the maid and all the rest. For in Angie's house there was more warmth and love and understanding.

I tried to tell that to Angie on

the way home but she was very quiet. I stood on her porch to say goodnight and a sudden soft spring rain began to fall making a hissing sound on the leaves.

"Your mother doesn't like me," Angie whispered. "And I don't know what to do."

"Of course she likes you," I said, trying to will it so. "She loves you." But I knew it was a lie.

"I have been so happy knowing you Jim," Angie said. "If anything, well, you know, if anything happens I want you to know that this has been the best time ever."

I told her nothing was going to happen, ever. And I told her I wanted her to be my girl—just her and no one else. I told her a lot of things and I meant them all but, going home through the cool damp streets I was afraid.

Mother and Dad were waiting for me when I got home.

"She's a nice child," mother began. "Everything considered."

"What do you mean?" I asked and my voice sounded different to me, angrier than I wanted it to sound.

"Really now Jim," she said. "Consider her background, her family. Why you told us her father is just an immigrant carpenter. Surely you can see she's a little, well common. How do you say

it, not in your league?"

I choked trying to find words but Dad laid a hand on my shoulder.

"What your mother means," he said. "Is that it isn't wise to be serious about this girl at your age and particularly when you're leaving soon."

"Leaving?" So this was it then. "But I'm not going anywhere."

"Well," Dad said it reluctantly. "Your mother needs a rest and I decided that you two could fly down to Bermuda for a month or two. I'll arrange it with your school."

"Why are you doing this? Why?" But I knew.

"Look Jim," he said trying to make it up. "When you come back to your senior year you can drive the car—the big one not the coupe anytime you want: "That's a promise."

"And maybe we can do something else," said mother brightly, knowing now she had won because she was clever and cruel and because I didn't know how to fight. "Perhaps your father can push some business in the way of this girl's father."

"There are some people you can't buy," I snapped. "Not with all the money in the world."

Oh they arranged everything all right and the plane took off the

following Monday and I never got to see Angie. I wrote letter after letter but I never got a reply. I swore that if they kept me away three years it wouldn't change the way I felt. But when I got back she was gone. Angie was gone. Her father had been offered a better job somewhere else and they had gone and Dad was very quiet when I told him and he didn't say a thing, not a thing, and now I don't know what to think or believe about him except that they wanted Angie to go and now she was gone.

And today I sat with them in church and heard all about Joseph, the carpenter, being selected to be the foster father of Jesus and I can't help but think that he was a carpenter and not a rich man and he was good enough. And when I looked up at them trying to figure out how they think, they looked at me and smiled because they've got everything arranged and Jo-Anne is coming to dinner tonight.

And my allowance is increased terrifically. I almost forgot that, and there's talk of buying me a boat as a graduation present, and somehow, I can't tell them that it's no good, none of it is any good. Because they wouldn't understand. They wouldn't understand at all.

they are not
leaving politics
to politicians

the A.D.A.

THE third national convention of the independent-liberal Americans for Democratic Action (ADA), which met in Washington, D.C., in April, reiterated its strongly independent stand and adopted an extensive set of resolutions covering the major controversial issues in domestic and foreign affairs. These resolutions constitute the organization's policy statement for the year 1950-51.

ADA, described as an independent progressive political organization, came into being in 1947 to provide a rallying point for political and intellectual leaders who espoused the social and economic ideals of the early Roosevelt period—Walter Reuther, Chester Bowles, Paul Douglas, Charles LaFollette ... During the four years of its existence the new organization has drawn to its ranks important labor officials, educators, youth movements, church groups, and independent political figures.

Although it is consciously political in tone and committed to the thesis that social and economic reforms are won through the astute employment of political processes, ADA does not function as a political party either in organization or in

By Martin M. McLaughlin

discipline. It runs no candidates, does not appear on the ballot, takes on a variety of different local aspects: in Minnesota, for example, its leaders are influential in the Democratic-Farmer-Labor Party; in Illinois its affiliate is the aggressively non-partisan Independent Voters of Illinois (IVI); in northern Indiana vigorous leadership is furnished by a number of Notre Dame University professors.

As with all fast-growing, youthful organizations, ADA has had to resolve differences of opinion within its own ranks in order to present a harmonious aspect to the public view; this increasing agreement, which is by no means dogmatic, has resulted in an emphasis on program with a concomitant subordination of the supporting of specific candidates, except in terms of their stands on the particular items of ADA policy at stake in a given campaign. This

Martin M. McLaughlin is Instructor of Political Science at De Paul University, Chicago, Illinois.

year's convention, for example, explicitly rejected a resolution mentioning the two major parties by name. Nor does the group favor the formation of a third party in present circumstances; there is, on the contrary, a continuing and growing stress on progress in the realm of ideas and building up of a fruitful intellectual life among the membership, with the purpose of providing a sound ideological foundation for the ADA program.

In the domestic field most of the major controversial issues of the day were discussed, in accordance with the belief stated in the preamble of this year's policy statement, namely, that "to achieve peace and security in the world, we must preserve and strengthen liberty and economic stability at home." To promote this domestic purpose, the convention made the following recommendations:

1. *Full employment*—to be achieved through public works and long-range planning, in default of a non-governmental solution to the growing unemployment problem.

2. *More equitable distribution of income*—through such means as minimum-wage legislation as a supplement to voluntary cooperation among economic groups.

3. *Conservation and development of resources*—under Federal leadership in order to eliminate exploitation by private interests (e.g., "We maintain that all power publicly produced should be publicly distributed.")

For almost a hundred years our Federal Government has been dominated by two major political parties. But these parties have been forced at times to modify their platforms to meet the demands of independent third parties. Because democratic government is, or should be, the concern of every citizen, we believe the following article—a summary of the program of an organization that has taken an independent stand on important controversial issues regarding domestic and foreign affairs—will be of interest to all independent, thinking Americans.

4. More executive discretion in *fiscal matters* in order to regulate the fluctuations of the economy.

5. *Agricultural reform*—payment of subsidies to farmers only for losses sustained when unsupported market prices fall below a normal supply-and-demand level. Secretary of Agriculture Charles F. Brannan, who addressed the convention, pointed out that his plan, which the convention endorsed, provided "that the amount of price support to each farm should be limited to the approximate production of the largest *family-sized farm* (italics added)—a volume high enough that most farms would feel no limit at all, but not so high as to encourage the development of extremely large, industrialized farming."

6. *Education*—a vigorous stand was taken in favor of academic freedom; and federal aid to public education was approved, without reference to the question of extending such aid to non-public schools.

7. Extension of the *social security* program to cover a large number of persons and a greater range of disabilities, particularly sickness.

8. Deconcentration of economic power—to be achieved mainly through *more vigorous enforcement of anti-trust legislation*.

9. *Housing*—continuance of rent control, legislation to acquire additional land, further grants-in-aid to local authorities, and public housing assistance to middle-income groups.

10. *Civil rights*: In this context, which appeals especially to its idealism, ADA took its most forthright position. "We reject," said the delegates, "the double standard of political morality which denounces injustice in some areas of the world while piously defending it elsewhere"—particularly at home. The convention recommended a number of specific items of proposed legislation—fair employment practices legislation, abolition of the poll taxes, passage of anti-lynching laws, elimination of segregation in the armed forces and in interstate travel. On another aspect of the same question, the group urged moderation in loyalty investigations, opposed any such activities in the field of education or political organization.

In the field of foreign policy the

convention adopted resolutions on all the major areas and activities represented in current international affairs, based on the principle that "the end and aim of an effective American policy must be to direct the great human forces now in play throughout the earth to make certain that this world will be new in freedom, not in tyranny." The means to this end were conceived to be the strengthening of the United Nations, the continuance of overseas assistance (ECA), the implementing of the Atlantic Pact and the Military Assistance Program. High on the list of priority projects should be a liberalized Displaced Persons program and a more intensive cultural exchange.

The delegates felt that the democratization of Germany had been tragically neglected in favor of a concentration on the economic and political issues of the cold war; and although placing the blame on the East in the East-West conflict, the convention expressed the hope that "a firm, clear, and affirmative American policy" would render possible the peaceful coexistence of this country and the Soviet Union.

Even this necessarily brief summary of the ADA program for the coming year—which cannot do justice either to the issues selected or to the stands taken on them—would seem to indicate both the strength and the weakness of the modern American liberal viewpoint. Although the delicate question of the non-public schools was by-passed,

the domestic recommendations clearly have many points of contact with the papal encyclicals of the past sixty years—particularly with respect to concentration of economic power, distribution of income, social security, and labor legislation. In contrast to the strength and vision here displayed, however, the foreign-policy statement reveals most strikingly the weaknesses; and it is unfortunate that the liberal movement lacks a clear philosophical grasp of our most eminently exportable "product"—democracy.

The most dramatic example is revealed in the convention's recommendations on Spain and Yugoslavia: While urging "general political, economic, and moral support for the democratic forces within Spain and in exile," the policy statement favors "ample economic aid to Yugoslavia without political conditions." The reason is clear: Tito seems to represent an effective threat to Stalin; Franco does not. Therefore, we should support the democratic forces within Spain, but not those within Yugoslavia. The sincere purpose of aiding the dynamic human forces in various other parts of the world thus appears more than slightly tinged with Machiavellianism. The fact of the matter is that we support Tito precisely *because* he is a dictator, not in spite of it. The moment he loses control in Yugoslavia, he is useless to the West; and Tito's control in Yugoslavia means the suppression of democracy there, the crushing of the

popular will to freedom. As a prominent Yugoslav journalist in this country recently wrote, "America has sold Yugoslav democracy down the river." (Bogdan Raditsa in the NEW LEADER) As a matter of actual fact we stand convicted of subordinating to the interests of power politics these great human forces which we command. (And even in the power complex we have gained nothing: Tito still supports the Soviet position in every controversial matter; he is allied with the satellite powers in Southeast Asia; his United Nations representative has abstained on all votes concerning the Communist aggression in Korea; and he is serving, perhaps unwittingly, as an excellent rationale for the purges now taking place in Eastern Europe.)

Thoughtful periodicals are concerned these days with the necessity for a revitalization of "the democratic faith." ADA's new Chairman, Francis Biddle, former Attorney-General of the United States, said in his acceptance speech, "... we are strong. Yet we need the leadership that will reaffirm that strength, the strength of the spirit..." The difficulty in this connection is that that faith has always been supported, at least in this country, by a pragmatic philosophy—a short-run explanation of the ultimates. It is becoming increasingly clear that this will no longer do, and many people are beginning to rethink the fundamental problems of democracy in the attempt to formulate these ideas in

terms at once non-pragmatic and non-Utopian, and to activate them in American society.

Many of these people belong to Americans for Democratic Action. The results of their thinking to date have been presented in this survey of the ADA policy statements. Their problem, says the Political Director of the International Ladies' Garment Workers' Union, one of the convention's leaders, is the continuing one

of American liberalism: "how to formulate a long-range program yet how to avoid the political sterility of the pure visionary." And we might add: the philosophical sterility of the pure pragmatist.

This is a problem of the soul; it is a problem of the Catholic conscience. But our contribution to its solution has not been and is not being made. The point of this article is to suggest that it be made.



WISE WORDS

* Kind words are the music of the world.

—Father Faber

* We forsake without pain what we possess without love.

—St. Augustine

* Patience knows no limit when mixed with love.

—St. Ephrem

* The greatest riches are not to need riches.

—Chrysostom

* There is nothing little to the truly great in spirit.

—Dickens

CHAPTER 17

BY MARY FABYAN WINDEATT

Our Blessed Lady continued her work through the miraculous medal and Sister Catherine Labouré. The new society for young girls, "the Children of Mary," was soon extended to include boys. A wealthy young Jew, Alphonse

Ratisbonne, had a vision of Our Lady as she appeared on the miraculous medal and was converted. It became a growing conviction with Sister Catherine that the nineteenth century was the age of Mary.

THE MEDAL

Story

WHEN Sister Catherine first came to Enghien, she had been told to work in the kitchen. After that, there had been duties in the linen room and laundry. But finally came her permanent assignment. She was to be in charge of the fifty old men who had no other home than that provided for them by the Daughters of Charity.

How Sister Catherine loved this new work! She had a genuine gift for nursing, and when she

could make some man a little more comfortable, or prove to him that even though he was poor and sick and feeble he could still be of use to others by offering his pains for them, her heart filled with joy. In one sense, she had given up everything to work among God's poor —human love, children, a home of her own. Yet how generously she was being rewarded, even in this world! How good to be loved and needed by fifty souls, each of whom, through Baptism, represented Christ Himself!

"Lord, thank You for bringing me here!" she often prayed. "And please help me to work for You as perfectly as possible!"

Time passed, uneventfully. Then on April 25, 1865, when she was fifty-nine years old, a trial which she had been dreading for a long time overtook Sister Catherine. Father Aladel, her trusted friend and confessor, fell ill and died! Now there was no one in the whole world to whom she could speak freely about Our Lady's apparitions or the promotion of the Miraculous Medal. For had she not been told by Our Lady herself, some thirty-five years before, to discuss these matters only with the one who had charge of her soul?

"Perhaps now the Blessed Virgin will tell me to confide in some other priest," she thought hopefully. "Or maybe in one of the Sisters."

But although Sister Catherine waited and prayed, there was no heavenly message to this effect. Not even five years later, when France was involved in the misery of the Franco-Prussian war, did Our Lady speak.

Sister Catherine's heart was heavy. The year 1870—what a dreadful time it was, with so much suffering and bloodshed! Nor were matters improved with the

arrival of 1871, for then a group of vicious men made a sudden attempt to overthrow the government and stamp out all religion. Once again Paris was under siege, and the streets of the city filled with dead and wounded. Priests and nuns were murdered in cold blood, churches desecrated, and one religious community after another forced to close its doors.

Amid the scenes of terror about her, Sister Catherine often recalled the sorrowful words she had heard on the occasion of Our Lady's first visit on that far-away night of July 18, 1830:

"My child, the times are evil. Misfortunes are about to overwhelm France . . . the whole world will be convulsed by all sorts of calamities . . . there will be victims in religious communities . . . the Archbishop will die . . . the Cross will be despised and trodden under foot; the side of Our Lord will be pierced anew; the streets will run with blood; the whole world will be in sorrow . . ."

But of course there were other and more comforting words to remember, too:

"Come to the foot of the altar. There graces will be showered upon you and all who ask for them, whatever their rank or position. A moment will come when the danger will be great. People

will think that all is lost. I shall be with you then. Do not lose confidence. You will feel that I am present, and that God and Saint Vincent are protecting the two communities. Trust, and do not be discouraged...."

Naturally the Superiors of the Daughters of Charity were beside themselves with anxiety. Should the community also take flight? Or should it remain to provide for the safety of the orphans and the old folks in its care?

In the end it was decided that the Sisters should stay at their posts and use their convents as hospitals (as they had done all during the Franco-Prussian war) for the sake of the wounded of both sides. Surely even the godless men behind the Revolution could not object to that.

For several weeks, with shells bursting all around them and their house a haven for anyone in need, the Sisters at Enghien waited and prayed. Would the Christian forces be able to overcome the rebels, or was the Revolution going to succeed? If so, would they be allowed to remain where they were, or would they also be thrown into prison and sentenced to die at the hands of the mob?

Despite the constant danger, Sister Catherine's courage did not falter. "The Blessed Virgin will

look after us," she told her fellow-religious. "After all, aren't we wearing her medal and getting others to do the same?"

Then without warning came the verdict which everyone had feared. The Sisters must leave Enghien at once, declared the rebels. Their convent? It would be turned into a fortress. In a week, two weeks, boasted these ruthless men who had taken over the government, God would be driven from Paris. And after that, from all of France.

CHAPTER 18

IN accordance with orders, the Sisters left Enghien on April 30, 1871—some to seek safety in Toulouse, others for towns not so far away. Thus, the community was broken up. However, the time of their exile was to be short, and in less than four weeks there was good news. The Revolution was over! Loyal French troops had defeated the rebels in Paris and freed the city from its reign of terror. Of course there had been a terrific price to pay. Thousands of innocent people had lost their lives, including the Archbishop of Paris and many priests and nuns. But the danger was over now. At any time the Sisters might return in safety to their Motherhouse. And to the convent at Enghien, too.

"Didn't I tell you that Our Lady of the Miraculous Medal would look after us?" cried Sister Catherine eagerly. "Why, we'll be back home while it's still May—her month!"

The Sisters looked at one another, relief and joy mingled with astonishment. Yes, Sister Catherine had said that everything would be all right; that they would even crown Our Lady's statue in May as they had always done. But somehow no one had paid much attention to her during the terror and confusion of those last horrible days in the city....

"Yes, Sister, you did say just that," agreed the Superior. "And when we get back, we'll certainly have a real celebration in honor of Our Lady of the Miraculous Medal. Something that will show her just how much we appreciate all she's done for us."

So it came to pass. At the first possible moment a solemn Mass of Thanksgiving was offered in every house of the Daughters of Charity, and devotion to the Miraculous Medal urged upon all as never before. But even as Sister Catherine rejoiced with the rest of the community that peace had finally come to France, a new anxiety was tugging at her heart. She had received another message from heaven! And since Father

Aladel was dead, there was no one now with whom to share it!

"Our Lady wants a statue made," she told herself uneasily. "One that will show her as she appeared on her second visit, holding a golden globe in her hands with a little cross on top. But... but how can *I* do anything about it?"

Poor Sister Catherine! She did have a problem. For how could she say even one word about the statue without revealing the precious secret which she had kept for more than forty years—namely, that she was the one to whom Our Lady had appeared in 1830, and that ever since she had been privileged to hear her voice from time to time while at prayer in the chapel? That of all the people living in the world, she was the one most directly concerned with devotion to the Miraculous Medal?

"If only Father Aladel were here!" she kept thinking, distressed beyond words at her inability to do anything. "Then I could tell him privately what Our Lady wants, and he could have the statue made without any trouble. But this way...."

For weeks Sister Catherine prayed and thought about the matter. As usual she had not seen the Blessed Virgin, but she had heard her voice while at prayer.

And there was no mistaking the fact that the heavenly one was eager that people should have a new image of herself. Not as she was shown on the medal, with rays of glory streaming from her hands, but as she had appeared on November 27, 1830, when holding the golden globe—the world—to her heart, then offering it to God and interceding for its sins.

"Dearest Mother, won't you please tell me what to do?" asked Sister Catherine earnestly.

But the months passed, and then the years, and her prayer went unanswered. There was only the occasional miracle of the Blessed Virgin's voice—motherly, kind, sympathetic—patiently repeating her request that the statue be made.

By the year 1876 the strain of not being able to obey Our Lady's wishes had become so great that Sister Catherine's health began to fail. No longer was she able to spend the whole day with her beloved charges—the fifty old men who made their home at Enghien. Even another work which had always been more of recreation than of labor—the care of the poultry yard—became too much for her.

"Sister Catherine's not herself at all," the Sisters told one another anxiously. "What do you suppose is wrong?"

There were several earnest consultations. "Maybe she's just getting old," suggested someone finally. "After all, she's seventy now. That, with her rheumatism . . ."

"But she looks and acts so worried! Just as though something terrible were on her mind! In all the years we've known her, she's never been like that."

The Superior agreed. "We'll have the doctor look at her again," she promised. "Perhaps he could give her a different medicine. Or maybe extra treatments for her rheumatism would help."

Of course Sister Catherine appreciated the interest being taken in her, but she felt that it was all quite useless. Her days on earth were about over. She would never live to see the year 1877. And . . . and how terrible to die without having done what Our Lady had asked of her!

"Perhaps after all it wouldn't hurt to talk to someone about the statue," she ventured to think one day. "Maybe to Father Chinchon. He's a very holy man. Surely he'd know what to do."

In a moment the decision was made. "Yes, that's it," Sister Catherine told herself, much relieved. "I'll go to see Father Chinchon right away and tell him everything." *(To be continued)*

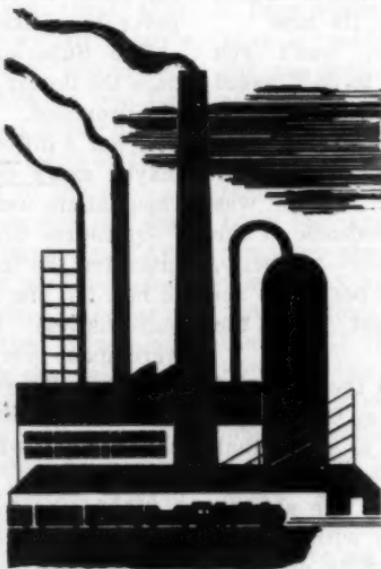
Christ once made labor holy by toiling with his hands—the Christian worker in a machine shop or coal mine can worship God with his monkey wrench or pick axe.

PRAISE THE LORD YE BLAST FURNACES

by Rev. Joseph M. Miller

IT is not necessarily true that every Christian who works at a blast furnace will praise God—but it should be true. For it is obvious that if the Church has arranged that man can attain his aim of union with God through any created being then she has not excepted the blast furnace.

Our age is generally called "The Mechanical Age," or "The Industrial Age." It is considered an era of button-pushing and lever pulling, of iron horses and giant wheels, of airplanes and dynamoës. And if it is such an age then the Church of Christ must have been prepared for those



who were to be saved by living in it. She must have sacramentals that are specifically aimed at making the smelter and the miner and the stenographer and the clerk more closely united to God. If she has blessings for the fisherman and his fleet, for the shepherd and his flock, for the gardener and his shrubs, for the farmer and his crops, then she would be less than fair as a mother if she neglected the laborer and his tools or the post-office clerk and his cancelling machine.

Not being an unjust mother, however, the Church has not

neglected her children who sit at desks or who stoke furnaces. She has arranged certain sacramentals which will be to her laboring children what the Blessing of the Ring is to those who are giving themselves to one another in Matrimony. She has remembered that it is no less necessary for a sacramental ideal to touch those who labor in an office or over a riveting machine than it is for such a blessing to follow a mother with her new-born babe, a parent blessing his child, a farmer going out to the harvest, a sick man seeking health, or a young girl entering a new life with a new partner. And remembering this, she has seen fit to institute blessings whereby all those things by which the ordinary laboring man must earn his temporal welfare may become also instruments with which he can seek his eternal good.

Catholics in general are familiar with the Blessings by which the Church sacramentalizes the lives of her children on the farm, on the sea, in all forms of life and work which are close to the soil or to nature; they know that there are blessings for bee-keepers and for vine-growers, for springs and wells, for herbs and flowers; they know that in the Middle Ages the Church took special care that the

influence of God should be made to extend to all men as they plowed and harrowed. But most Catholics do not realize that as the civilization of men moved from rural to urban areas, the Church developed her sacramentals and blessings so that these might move with that civilization, that men of 1950 might be saved through typewriters and dynamos, through subways and skyscrapers as were the men of 950 saved through pruning knives and hand plows, through ox-carts and workshops.

IT HAS always been the mind of the Church to unify the daily life of men and women with the daily life of Christ on earth, and so to enable men and women to realize more completely their place in the Communion of the Faithful with Christ. She has done this by moving with the ages, by making herself all things to all men at all times. She has recognized the natural integrity of Christian life, its singularity of purpose which is God, and she has endeavored successfully to adapt her ritual so that any life may be associated with that singularity of purpose more clearly through her sacramentals.

This is the reason, then, why the Roman Ritual contains such

evidently recent blessings as those for airplanes, automobiles, electric dynamos, printing-presses, and fire engines; because all these objects are daily placed before men and can be used by men for sanctification. Every Christian uses these auxiliary sacraments to bring himself more near to God. This we can never forget, that as matter is sanctified to God in the seven sacraments, so is it sanctified on a lesser scale in the myriad sacramentals that are found in the ritual. And this being the case, we are more than justified in speaking of the little sacraments.

An example of the intention of the Church is given in the Blessing of a Blast Furnace, as found in the Ritual. Here, surrounding an ordinary object are found brief ceremonies and a prayer which will so affect the otherwise unattractive furnace that it becomes actually an agent whereby God's glory and man's welfare are more effectively sought. The priest draws near to the furnace, blesses it, and sprinkles it with holy water, in the form of a cross, praying this beautiful prayer:

LET US PRAY

O almighty and everlasting God! From thee all creatures have their origin, and by thy goodness thou hast wonderfully disposed them

for the service of mankind. In olden times thou didst mitigate the heat of the flames to preserve the three youths in the fiery furnace, and then didst again enkindle them to destroy the men who had cast the saintly youths therein. Wherefore we humbly beseech thee to bless this furnace. Preserve it from diabolical treachery, and render it productive and true to its purpose, so that by its fires exerting the force of their strength, the workmen may by thy bounty receive a good quality of metal. And give them, moreover, an increase of thy saving grace. Through Christ our Lord. Amen.

This prayer, in a few short lines, epitomizes the aim of the Church in all her sacramental blessings. She wishes first of all to point out that God has a direct and real relationship with the object; it is for this reason that she points out His power both as Creator, and as having directly used such a furnace to further His plans before. Next she wishes to ask that He grant the temporal results intended; here she prays for a good quality of metal. And finally, in the most important position, she places her primary aim: to gain for those who will use it an increase of grace through it.

It must be noted that in her blessings, the Church avoids any reference to the idea that no harm can befall the blessed object. Almost a superstition among many pious persons, the idea is, of course, completely false. Thus, there is no reason to maintain that because the blast furnace has been blessed, therefore no one can be injured by any accident in connection with it. The purpose of the blessing is to gain for those who use the furnace properly the grace of God; it is not to protect the careless from the inevitable result of their negligence. Indeed, we cannot even say that it is to preserve the furnace from completely unexpected harm—it is merely to ask God that all possible blessings result from it. It says, in effect, "Let this furnace carry out thy will perfectly, even though we cannot see how thy will is carried out."

One of the most beautiful of the sacramentals of the mechanical age is the Solemn Blessing of an airplane, so designed that its references and implications are unforgettable. In this blessing, the priest draws near to the airplane, reciting certain verses and responses which especially refer to the great glory of God, His power over the winds, and His rule of the Heavens. These

verses are followed by three prayers so beautiful that we must quote them in their entirety here:

LET US PRAY

O God, who didst create all things for thyself, and hast destined every element in the world for man's service, bless, we beseech thee, this airplane. Let it serve in spreading thy praise and glory, and in carrying out the affairs of men, unhindered by danger or peril. And may it foster in the souls of all who ride in it a longing for heavenly things. Through Christ our Lord. Amen.

LET US PRAY

O God, who did consecrate by the mystery of the Incarnation the dwelling of the Blessed Virgin Mary, and has miraculously transferred it to the bosom of thy Church, pour forth, we beseech thee, thy blessing upon this airplane. May all who fly in this airplane under the protection of the Blessed Virgin happily reach their destination. Through the same Christ our Lord. Amen.

LET US PRAY

O God, the Saviour of all who trust in thee, appoint a good angel as a guardian to all thy servants making an airplane voyage and calling for thy help. Let him protect them along the journey and

safely conduct them to their goal. Through Christ our Lord. Amen.

Here, again, we see that the Church neglects nothing that may lead her children to think more seriously of God and to endeavor to draw closer to Him. It is her primary and unchanging theme that whatever is made for man's use toward his natural end can be turned, through her intercession, to his supernatural end. Thus she seeks to remind him that even while he is using this machine to carry out his temporal end, he should be reminded of his eternal goal.

And so the Church goes on with her blessings, trying to convince those of us who will listen that there is no disgrace connected with laboring amid dirt and metal, no shame connected with a shovel. In blessing a mill, indeed, she reminds us that it was God Himself who said, "In the sweat of thy brow shalt thou earn thy bread," and she wishes us always to remember the dignity of work. She tries to convince us, by the very freedom with which she distributes her smiles upon the instruments we use that she does not intend to disown us as her children because we have followed the civilization of our age into the cities. And she pleads with us that we will accept what she gives

us, the chance to see our daily lives elevated to a supernatural level, even at those moments when they might seem most natural.

To show the number of things for which the Church has specific blessings in the Ritual, we may take a sample selection. There are, among others, blessings for airplanes, ambulances, and automobiles; blast-furnaces and brick-kilns; trains and typewriters. When paging through, we come across the blessing of a fire-engine, the blessing of mills, and the blessing of telegraph instruments. And these are but a few from the many. None have been omitted by the Church—for all those which do not have specific blessings attached to themselves, can be blessed with the single "Blessing for other irrational creatures"—surely a broad enough term to include whatever might be needed.

The final estimation of the value of these sacramental blessings to us can best be shown by quoting the closing paragraph of Father Philip Weller's introduction to *THE ROMAN RITUAL IN LATIN AND ENGLISH, volume III (Bruce)*.

"Above all in the Eucharist does matter become sacramentalized. Just as the sacraments are radiations of being from the Eucharist

as their center, so also the sacramentals can be said to form an outer circle around the sacraments, all of them converging toward the Eucharist as their center. Eucharistic worship is the consecration of all time and all matter. A Christian's every and entire day is sanctified by it. "Go into the world and be light bearers," is the meaning of the dismissal at the end of the Sacrifice. "Strengthen, O God, that which thou hast wrought in us in the midst of thy holy temple which is in Jerusalem" (Ps. 67:29). What is begun in the morning sacrifice and banquet must be developed by the day's routine of sanctified acts. The Eucharist is the sacramental sanctification of a Christian's every day in this valley of tears, in fact of his entire life span. As he leaves the Eucharistic altar and banquet-table of the new Jerusalem, the

Christian goes out, oftentimes into the atmosphere of a veritable Babylon. Fortified with Christ's kiss of peace, he launches the attack against Satan, using the auxiliary weapons which the Church, the worthy Spouse of Christ and our holy Mother dispenses with lavish hand to her children. May the little sacraments treated of in this volume become powerful allies to the Holy Seven, to hasten our sacramental sanctification unto the full stature of our Lord and Saviour, Jesus Christ!"

Realizing, then what the Church has done for us in elevating our daily work to the level of His Life, we would be less than wise were we to neglect the opportunity to carry our participation from the altar table to the workshop bench, to the iron-foundry, to the post-office, to the factory, to the desk, to the typewriter.

► "What a wonderful opportunity there is in every shop, factory, cross roads grocery store, and business establishment to become a leader . . . by merely doing the thing that ought to be done whether you are told to do it or not." ◀

EDDIE RICKENBACKER

Father isn't the only one who works. Being a mother to five lively gremlins is a man-sized job.

BY ELSA PARKER

My mother told me there'd be days like this

THERE WAS nothing at all, not even the faintest glimmer of warning this morning to indicate that this particular day was to be any more hectic than the usual run of days at the Soapbox atop Hollyhock Hill. I first awakened very early, just as the first inquisitive wisps of daylight poked elfin fingers through the slats of the blinds. And I heard the sparrows sleepily twittering in the branches of the Rose of Sharon, just outside the bedroom window. I took a hasty peek, out of the corner of one eye, at the little clock on the bedside stand, busily semaphoring the hours away, and I quickly rolled over for just nine more winks.

The Least One stirred slightly in her crib, and a beatific smile flickered across her face. Perhaps

an angel was whispering in her ear. Of course the more practical minded person, would have said it was only a tiny little tummy pain. But then there's two ways to look at anything, and it makes life more interesting to think it might have been an angel instead of a pain.

Breakfast for the Bossman and me was a leisurely affair this morning and everything pointed to the day being exceptionally orderly and pleasant, that is exceptionally so far as days at the Soapbox go. But, since I am experienced in the ways of five little Gremlins and how they can complicate a simple little matter of twenty-four hours, I kept my fingers crossed. It was just a matter of seconds until I heard the protests of the Least One, who was,

I found, clinging to the rail of her crib busily doing up-downs, and loudly demanding at the top of her voice that there be some changes made, but soon. Just a split second later, Iodine tumbled out of bed, fussing considerably because she couldn't locate a pet wad of bubble gum she had lovingly parked on the night stand. After a flurry of shushes, and then some more shushes, the gum was located irrevocably matted in a snarl of blond curls just back of Iodine's left ear. My dear Watson, the scissors, please! Snip, snip, and another curl bit the dust. Soon there's going to be no parting on Iodine's head. The commotion had awakened Asofetida, who added to the hubbub when she couldn't find her slippers, which she positively knew she had carefully placed the night before, right at the foot of her bed. Eventually the slippers were located, right where Asofetida had kicked them off, on the steps of the back porch. That is, one of them was found there. The other had been dragged out in the middle of the road by Pup, the ever-dragging shepherd dog, who hates to find anything in a static condition.

Up until then, the Least One had always seemed to be equipped with the standard number of joints, which bent in the proper

directions so that she had always fitted into the conventional high chair. But suddenly she found that when I shoved her toward the high chair, all her joints would stiffen and refuse to bend. It took a handful of sugar coated puffed wheat, a yellow plastic duck, and the top of a discarded percolator to sell her on the idea of occupying the chair, and eating her breakfast. Little Iodine kept interrupting the treaty-making, saying, "Mama, Mama, how do hairs get fastened to your head?" Guess she was still mourning the loss of one blond curl, and one perfectly good only half-used lump of bubble gum.

"Why, Chilidy, they grow out of little holes in your head," I replied.

"Gee whiz, Mama, but you must have lots of holes in your head," exclaimed Iodine.

Out of the mouths of babes oftentimes come gems—but I didn't know they showed.

For just a few minutes the bubble gum, the curls, and the holes in the head were all forgotten, while the breakfast food snapped, popped, and crackled, and the spoons and dishes rattled. In a moment however, the food having disappeared, and the bigger Gremmies having taken to the great outdoors, I gave the Least One her body polish, changed her seat

covers, refueled her, and tucked her away for a mid-morning nap. Ah, I thought, now was the time for a deep breath and a quiet moment. Yes, but not for me. For the telephone rang, and at the same moment little Iodine came tearing in all excited because there were some big worms on the apple tree, all green on the bottom and orange on top, and they were going to eat up all the little green apples, quick where's the bug-dust! The telephone call was just a little ray of sunshine from the insurance man, notifying me to mail in the check for the children's life insurance, which was due. The almost down-to-the-last-breath check book yielded up another check begrudgingly, and the bank account quietly expired.

So with the check put in the mail, and the green-bottomed orange-topped bugs dusted, life should have become just a quiet spot of peace in an ocean of time. But not at the Soapbox. For the oil-man had just arrived to put in the winter's supply of fuel oil, and all the hubbub had again waked the baby. And, phewie, what was that we smelled. Huh, just the green beans quietly burning to a crisp on the kitchen stove. So they had to be dumped over into another pan, the unscorched ones that is, and the sort of brownish ones scraped out to Pup who ate

them with gusto and thought what a wonderful day this is. Beans, even!

From there on in, it was just two breaths and a gasp until lunch time, which was a very quiet affair, that is, considering who was taking part in it. There was only one spilled glass of milk, two squabbles as to who got the seemingly bigger piece of tomato, and five hundred unanswered questions, topped by the one as to how's come an egg yellow is round when it's a boiled egg, but flat when it's fried, huh, Mama, huh?

Of course, with lunch over, the time for letter writing came. Thinks you!, Time and tide wait for no man, they tell me, and then neither does diaper washing. And so, on with the hot water and the soap, and in with the diapers, then outside to find what the racket was all about. Nothing serious, just three Gremlins trying to occupy, all at once, a swing built for one. No bones broken, but lots of feelings injured, but that could easily be taken off their minds, by warming up a different spot at the other end of their anatomy.

What was left of the afternoon could have been used for letter writing, except for a few small items, like finding that Pup had trimmed the baby's diapers with fringe, as they hung on the line,

by jumping and pulling on them with his teeth. (The Least One now wears fringe on the bottom.) There was the bushel basket of little white rabbits Iodine had put in the corner of the living room for safe keeping; there was Lukey the Locust, which Asofetida had caged in a match box on top of the piano. Heavenly days, the joint's a jumping! That frosting of white you see on my raven locks isn't powdered sugar, Sis!

Now, the Gremlins have had their baths, I can prove it. Look

at the bathroom. Looks like a Texas tidal wave and hurricane had hit it. If the Gremlins aren't clean, at least the bath-room floor will be, as soon as I mop it up.

The Bossman has been home, had his supper, and is gone again. This time he's gone out to collect in a little money with which to revive that heart-broken bank account. Gotta keep the wolf away from the door, you know. Or one of these days, I'll open the door only to have the wolf clip off my finger nails clear up to my elbow!



I'M PROUD OF MY DIRT



Yes, they *are* dirty
And they're rough
And knobby and calloused.
And I'm proud of the dirt
And the knobs and the callouses.
I didn't get them that way
By playing bridge
Or drinking afternoon tea out of dainty cups
Or playing a well-advertised Good Samaritan
At Charity Balls.

I got them that way
By working with them
And I'm proud of the work and the dirt.

Those callouses, you see,
Came from gripping a sweaty, grimy pickhandle
Down in the bowels of coal mines;
And while I've worked
In the filthy mines,
I've thought
Of many a family
That sits in comfort in a warm house
While the snow and the wind blow without.

And I've thought of blazing furnaces
In factories
That turn out all the things
That men need
And all the things
That they think so hard they need
That they actually do need them.

People are warm and happy,
And people have the things they need
Because my hands are dirty.
I'm proud of my dirty hands.

It's dirty work
Digging roads
Laying tar and setting cement,
Dirty hard work,
That puts knobs in your knuckles
And knots in your spine;
But it's a grand, smooth ribbon of road
That carries cars

DIRTHANDS

By John J. Delaney, S.J.



From city to city and from city to country
On a fine Sunday afternoon
And the family climbs in to the family Ford
And away they go
To hear a cow moo
And smell a blade of grass.

And it's a strong sturdy road
Those towering trucks need
That carry the produce of town and city
To city and town.
And the truck drivers
And the Sunday drivers
Roll along in safety and confidence
Because my hands are dirty.

I'm proud of my dirty hands.
You soil your hands, too,
When you grip the wheel of a ten-ton truck
And roll through the long night,
So that babies at dawn
May have their milk,
Milk brought to town
By my dirty hands.
Oh, I'm proud of my dirty hands.

It's not the soft, white hand
That burrows through the earth
To dig your subways
Or your tunnels under the river,
But it's a nice clean job our dirty hands do,
And a beautiful job,
And it's a work of art
In steel or concrete or cement
That our dirty labor turns out in the end.

*Why shouldn't I feel proud
Of the work they do,
These dirty hands of mine?*

You've seen my hands
Holding a dancing devil of a rivet
Away up on the twentieth
Yes, on the fiftieth or the sixtieth floor
Of the skyscrapers.





Maybe no one needs skyscrapers,
But they are nice to look up at
And nice to gaze down from,
Those Gothic spires of Gotham,
And there's air away up high in them;
And the soul of business
Seems to need that air
To keep our commerce going
And our country prosperously alive.
I'm proud of my dirty hands.

You don't wear fancy mittens
To load ships
And swing cargoes to the dock;
Nor down in the boiler room
Of the Empress of the Ocean,
When you're piling on the coal
Or cleaning furnaces,
Or when you're swabbing decks
And painting stacks.

My hands
Are the hands of brick-layers and plumbers,
Of boilermakers
And truckdrivers and coal-heavers,
And tunnel-hogs and longshoremen
And streetcleaners and carpenters
And engineers and machinists
And stokers and firemen
And trainmen and brakemen
And workers in steel
And coal-miners and body builders
And cooks and butchers and busboys
And scrubwomen.
They are not pretty hands.
They are dirty and knobby and calloused.
But they are strong hands
Hands that do
Hands that mould and fashion and create,
Hands
That make so much
That the world must have or die.

Someday, I think,
The world should go down on its knees
And kiss
All the dirty hands of the working world,

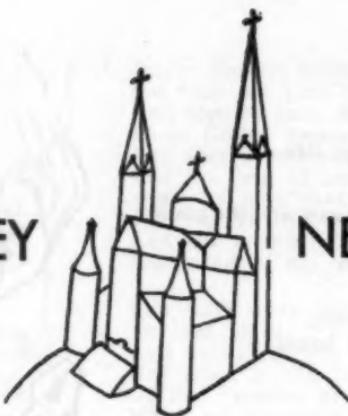
The world
Has kissed such hands.
 Will always kiss
 Such hands.
 Men and women put reverent lips
 To the hands
 Of Him
 Who held the hammer and the saw and the plane.
 His
 Weren't pretty hands, either,
 When they chopped trees
 And dragged rough lumber
 And wielded a carpenter's tools.
 They were a working man's hands,
 Strong,
 Capable,
 Proud hands.
 And they weren't pretty hands,
 When the executioners got through with them.
 They were torn right clean through
 By ugly nails,
 And the blood was running from them,
 And the edges of the wounds
 Were raw
 And dirty and swollen;
 And the joints were crooked,
 And the fingers
 Were horribly bent in a mute appeal
 For love.

They weren't pretty hands, then,
 But, O God,
 They were beautiful
 Those hands
 Of the Saviour.
 I'm proud of those dirty hands,
 Hands of my Saviour,
 Hands
 Of my God.

And I'm proud of my hands, too,
Dirty hands,
Like the hands of my Saviour,
The Hands of my God.

Reprinted from America
 70 E. 45th St., New York 17, N. Y.





ABBEY NEWSMONTH

July 4th The Class of 1940 held a reunion here at their Alma Mater. "The good old times" were recalled as the Class of '40 sat once again on the green benches outside the Seminary. For many this was the first time together since the day of their ordination ten years ago. About twenty-five spent the day here and remained for the night. On the following morning they offered a Solemn High Mass in thanksgiving, they themselves supplying the ministers at the Mass, the servers, organist, and choir.

8th Father Abbot returned from our new foundation in South Dakota, Blue Cloud Abbey. He gave a detailed account how things were going. As you will recall, about six Fathers and four Brothers were sent as founding members. Upon arrival they completed the preliminary work that had been begun by our missionaries

in South Dakota. The farm house and barn were made into living quarters, the chicken house into a chapel, and a tower was constructed for installing a large bell. The bell echoed through the prairies calling the monks to prayer at regular times. Thus the official prayer of the Church, the Divine Office, was begun shortly after the monks arrived—fulfilling the Benedictine Motto of "Ora et Labora," "pray and work." The site for the future buildings was surveyed and digging of the foundations was begun. According to latest reports from out that way they have poured the first footings. More detailed blue prints are expected soon.

10th After less than a year in office as Prior of our Monastery, Father Justin Snyder had to be relieved of his duties because of ill health. Doctors prescribed a six months' rest thus

making it impossible for Father to carry on his duties. He was sent to South Dakota where, it is hoped, he will completely recover. Father Abbot did not appoint a new Prior but asked Father Placidus to be Prior "pro tem." The office of Prior in the monastery ranks next to that of Abbot.

18th Time: 9 A.M. Destination: Rome, Italy. These two factors meant much to four young Brothers of our monastery on this day. After much preparation in regard to passports, reservations, etc., the group of brothers recently selected for San Anselmo in Rome were on their way. Leaving St. Meinrad about nine o'clock they made their way by car to Louisville, by train to New York, and by ship to Italy. As we go to press word has been received that the four, Brothers Boniface, Anthony, Andrew and Marion, arrived safely at Naples, Italy. They will remain in Rome for five years.

2nd The Oblates of St. Placid Hall returned from their summer vacation. These young men are in training for the Brotherhood. They complete four years of High School at St. Placid Hall and then are received as Brothers into the Monastery. Boys feeling they have a calling to the Benedictine Brothers and are still too young to enter the monastery have an excellent opportunity to participate in monastic surroundings by joining the Oblate School.

31st "It is necessary that you give up the world and follow Christ Crucified," was part of the exhortation given to the seven young men as they received the Benedictine habit during ceremonies in the Abbey Church. This group of aspirants to the monastic life took off the garb of the world and put on the habit and life of sacrifice as a Benedictine Monk. Father Abbot officiated at the investiture—same day on which he celebrated his Name's Day ... feast of St. Ignatius. The seven who began their novitiate were: Norman Dewig of Evansville, Ind.; John Gerken of Portsmouth, Ohio; Clarence Davis of Washington, D.C.; Peter Harrington Arcola, Ill.; Thomas Conley West DePere, Wis.; William Leibold of Dayton, Ohio; and John Kilian of Dunkirk, N.Y. As you have noticed, these seven came from seven different cities and six different states.

31st Doctor Harry Seitz, nationally known music educator and former president of the Catholic Music Educators Association, gave an intensive five day course in singing for the members of the monastery. Those who were able to attend the whole course were impressed by his personality and teaching ability. We hope that his expert instruction will have a lasting effect on our singing of the praise of God.

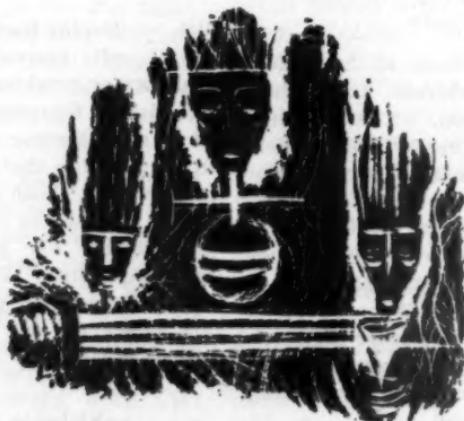
—Nicholas Schmidt, O.S.B.

DEFEND US IN BATTLE

JUST what is your private opinion of St. Michael the Archangel? Or, to put another angelic question, less personal this time, what do your friends say when they talk about angels? Very likely they don't. Angels aren't a very frequent topic of conversation these days.

But September 29th is the feast of St. Michael the Archangel, leader of the whole world of angels, which reminds us that at least the Church is bent on keeping the topic of angels before us. Besides, the fathers of the Church, first-rate theologians, and just plain Christians in ages past have been interested in the whys and wherefores about angels.

For instance, among the ranks of the ordinary Christians in the second century there was a liberated Greek slave called Hermas who did a good deal of thinking about angels. He thought that each man was fitted out at birth with a good and a bad angel. From this point on, Hermas believed, it was a pitched battle between the two spirits to see which one could wield the most influence over their common property. In a way, the picture of a coaxed, allured, inspired, frightened bit of humanity standing between two giant angels is not too fantastic. But the picture Hermas painted was somewhat misleading.



LITURGY

One distorted feature came from implying that the bad angel's chances for success are on a par with those of the good angel. Fortunately for us, that is not true. The good angel is better equipped.

Then too, his picture was partly false because it didn't show the other pressures that are pushing against man's free will. Plus the bad angel, there are the world and the flesh. On the side of the good angel add these items: 1) our natural Christian bent, 2) the gift of God's life in grace, 3) all the saints in heaven praying for us.

And lastly, despite the distribution of spirits worked out by Hermas, we generally do not credit the Kingdom of Disorder with such an orderly and systematic government. When he said that there is a private devil for each one of us he was going a little too far.

But, shelving the ancient Greek and his opinions, how can we account for the fact that the average man of today doesn't think about angels? Probably it is because he can't see them. According to modern standards, whatever you cannot weigh, add up, store away, or sell is not worth any time or fuss. For the average modern man, then, angels just don't exist.

Here we are at a definite disadvantage. It is not easy to convince a man that angels really live. He can see how God's creation begins at the completely material world of boulders and bull-dozers. He can see how God's next world is the in-between world of man, a half and half world whose inhabitants have a body that is earthly and a soul that is spiritual. Now somewhere between the soul-and-body world of man and the Uncreated Spirit, God, there is plenty of room for a world of pure created spirits. At most, the skeptic will admit that it sounds like a good idea. But he can only be convinced if he accepts the Scriptures. For, after all, our main source of evidence for the existence of the angelic world is the Bible.

It is only through faith that we can "see" the angels, and it is very important that we do see them.

For, by taking a clear view on the angel question, we can see ourselves much more distinctly. For really, the angels figure into our lives in a vastly more important way than we realize. The interplay between their lives and ours is constant, and must always be so. You may not be tossed out of your bed by the devil, or be able to smell him, as the Cure of Ars could do.

BY HILARY OTTENSMAYER, O. S. B.

And you may not be able to read a book by the light of your guardian angel, as St. Frances of Rome often did. These were unusual contacts.

The pivotal point is that, "the kingdom of evil originated at the very summit of creation," that is, in the angelic world. (Pohle-Pruess) Sin is "a mystery of darkness seeping down from the angels." (Scheeben) Thus the clash felt within each of us, the constant pull between base desire and better desire, had its indirect source in the sin of the fallen angels. Even now this inner tension is constantly fed by their hatred. Had the angels never rebelled, Eden might very well be flourishing today, and we in it. The fall of those gifted creatures casts a long shadow over all of creation. In fact, it may truly be said to haunt the memory of the Church.

As if to compensate for the sad results of the fallen angels, we celebrate this feast of St. Michael. The feast spotlights the good works of the angels toward us. Their life work, their eternity, is spent in accomplishing the praise and the plan of God. And the plan of God is to add to His praise through our salvation.

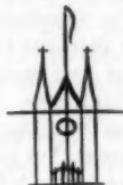
September 29th is a concrete example, if you can say such a thing about an angel. Among all the nine choirs of angels, their leader, St. Michael, has the most clear cut and colorful personality. His very name is a battlecry: "Who is like God?" It is the unanswerable question Michael hurled at Satan at the moment of that great rebellion when the evil spirits were pushed down into the newly made hell. For more than a thousand years, this powerful angel has been officially singled out and honored by the Church, loved by all Christians. His particular duty it is to fight back the power of Satan, who is one day to be completely conquered by Michael. The Greeks pictured the Archangel as leading the souls of the newly dead up to behold the face of God, while he guards their yet unrisen bodies in the tombs. For those of us on earth, Michael is the great protector of the Church, mentioned just after the Blessed Virgin in our *Confiteor*, our contrite plea for help in this life's struggle.

The whole thing is humbling, encouraging. It is a part of the story of God's zeal for our salvation—this vastly superior world of angels bent down to help save man. A stupendous revelation!

★ "The communists may be trailing us in the atomic race but they are well in front in the skills of moulding and communicating ideas."

Caroll Arimond

TRAITORS AND INNOVATORS



By Liam Brophy

It is not the communist rabble alone who are crucifying Christ today.... the Pharisees of Big Business crucify Him too.... though from a decorous distance

COMMUNISM and Liberal-inspired Capitalism were alike denounced by the Holy Father in a recent message. If there were any cunning or confused minds either side of the Iron Curtain believing the old travesty that the Church was on the side of Finance Capitalism, that she supported treasures as she was once supposed to buttress thrones, the words of the Supreme Pontiff made the truth penetratively clear: "Without any other aim except the enjoyment of ephemeral goods, without any other norm but that of the *fait accompli*, the public and private life of the supremely individualistic order is now almost everywhere in



grave crisis." And while he criticised the "narrow individualistic" social order of Capitalism, which grew from Liberalism, which in turn stemmed from Lutheranism, the Pope also condemned the "more recent innovators," that is Communists and Socialists whose methods lead to the complete overthrow of the Divine order. Catholics, therefore, who may be infected with the germs of Liberalism, with its inherent contempt for the human tools of industrialism, ought to examine the many implications in the Papal address.

The fact that the workers of the world were lost to the Church was branded by Pope Pius XI as "the scandal of the 19th century." It was a scandal that the poor and underprivileged should come to believe that their presence was unwelcome about the sanctuary, that nothing defiled by work could enter heaven. By a long process of perversity the lame, the halt and the blind, and all those who are called in a special manner to the Feast, felt themselves brushed off and banned.

The irony of the present world-situation is that there is far more potential Christianity in Communism, however inverted, than in Capitalism. In 1891 — three years before the appearance of the third volume of *Das Kapital*, Pope Leo XIII wrote in his classical *Rerum Novarum*: "Some opportune remedy must be found soon for the misery and wretchedness pressing so un-

justly on the majority of the working class; for the ancient working-men's Guilds were abolished in the last century, and no protective organizations took their place ... the mischief has been increased by rapacious usury ... To this must be added that the hiring of labor and conduct of trade are concentrated in the hands of the comparative few; so that a small number of very rich men have been able to lay upon the teeming masses of the laboring poor a yoke little better than that of slavery itself." A Pontiff who wished to placate the barons of Big Business would have been more gentle and guarded in his strictures. The Communists were not the first to discover that social injustice was the root-cause of all our wars and social woes. The Pontiffs, from Pope Leo XIII, have been saying the same thing, but they proposed a more radical and fundamental sort of reform than the Communist agitators. They called for a complete change of heart—a much more difficult process than a change of laws.

In its zeal for social justice, for the recognition of the essential dignity of labor, and its desire for a universal bond of brotherhood transcending the brittle barriers of bourgeois convention, Communism is nearer Catholicism than either of them is to Finance-Capitalism. The Popes have made it abundantly clear that it is not as an economic system that they condemn Communism, and still less do they censure it as an

ER
rk-
the
or-
the
ra-
be
and
d in
ew;
rich
the
poor
of
who
Big
more
ures.
first
was
and
Pope
same
more
f re-
tors.
ange
pro-

, for
ntial
e for
hood
ers of
sm is
er of
The
clear
system
, and
as an

instrument for securing better conditions for the working-classes. It is its atheistic philosophy, its basic materialism that they reject, and its consequent hostility to religion and the primacy of the spirit. In many ways, indeed, Communism is a caricature of Catholicism—in its sense of a world-mission, its discipline, its appeal to the unselfish loyalty of its disciples, and its bond of universal brotherhood, which, however, does not seem to require the supporting notion of a common Father of all mankind. "There are striking resemblances between the Bolsheviks and the Jesuits," observed Dean Inge, whose dissipated Church is removed in pale ineptitude at a safe distance from both. At strategic times and places the Communists remind us that the early Christians were communists one and all. But they were voluntary ones, and that for Christ's sake, which makes a world of difference.

What has Finance-Capitalism in common with authentic Christianity or Communism? In place of enthusiasm—and the word really means "living in God"—there is the complacent cynicism of those at ease in the Sion of the profit-yielding status quo. The Bankers and Businessmen have long ago decided, under the remote control of Calvinism, that religion ought not be allowed to interfere in the serious complexities of commerce or interpose in the solemn game of social and political affairs. Quite recently Mr. Trygve

Lie, Secretary General of UN, proposed that one minute should be given to prayer before the General Assembly meeting at Lake Success. The Communist delegates naturally objected, and so did M. Pierre Ordronneau of France, who said that "Divine matters should not be mixed up with human affairs in such a manner."

The wealthy classes have been drawing too much benefit from the status quo, already melting under the heat of gathering hates, to wish to see it change. In place of any desire for social justice Finance-Capitalism refers us to the fixity of the Iron Law of Wages, and the automatic mechanism of Malthusianism. Capitalism has no formal creed or philosophy, but its *Weltanschauung*, to use a popular thought-capsule, is thoroughly atheistic. It is not the Communist rabble alone who are crucifying Christ today. The Pharisees of Finance crucify Him too, though from a decorous distance.

Let it be confessed that too many Catholics are stolidly secure in this unbalanced status quo. Implicitly like Faust, they plead: "Oh stay, thou art so fair." To many in the days of kings it seemed as if the Church would be brought low in the collapse of thrones at the hands of frenzied revolutionaries. But the thrones have tumbled and the Chair of Peter remains. They understand nothing of the Church who compromise Divine truths with passing

political and social forms. It is a melancholy mole's-eye view of history which sees the Rock of Ages floundering because some perching sea-bird has slipped from it and gone under. There are Catholics today who shudder to think that the old order of Capitalism is yielding place to a new order of undefined communitarianism, and that God is fulfilling Himself in many ways, lest all the old orders should corrupt the world. Have they not known that our Faith is one of endless spiritual agitation and conflict, no more static than a storm, a most uncompromising and uncomfortable Faith, not to be received by those who have made their peace with so tolerant a world?

It is this bourgeois Catholicism that has brought the Church into disrepute in the sense of Saint Paul's stricture: "For the name of God through you is blasphemed among the Gentiles." It was the sight of a Christianity that had made itself snug in Capitalist society that urged Marx to indict all religion as the opium of the people. And bourgeois religion is the opium of the people and the odium of God. If our words sound too harsh, let us quote a passage from an address of Manuel Goncalves Cerejeira, Patriarch of Lisbon, in which he condemned "a certain kind of routine Catholicism which is burdened with human prejudices of blood, class and polities, and unable to cast off its shell of obsolete, petrified and

dead forms." "I mean in particular," said the Cardinal, "that bourgeois Catholicism which takes social injustices for granted, and adjusts itself to the scandal that there is misery on one side and egotistic wealth on the other, and to the fact that legitimate aspirations towards emancipation, and cultural and social improvements are being oppressed. I mean the kind of Catholicism that one might call pharisaic and purely formal, without the spirit of Christ, which is the spirit of absolute loyalty to God and of generous devotion to our fellow men."

Bourgeois Catholicism is drawing these dead and decadent forms about it for warmth, lacking all inner zeal wherewith to be warmed. The Capitalist order was so cosy and cushioned, and now, for better or worse, that order is crumbling away. The era of selfish individualism is passing in favor of communitarianism—whether according to the Christian or Communist plan. Though he curse the folly of the Cross or the fury of the Kremlin for their banding together of all manner of men, the most purblind Liberal must recognize that he is "involved in all mankind." There were bourgeois Catholics in the early days of the Church's history who felt convinced that Christ would never desert the Roman Empire, since its framework seemed so necessary to support the Church. But the Dark Ages came as barbarians overran the Empire, and the long bleak night of centuries

closed in, starred only by the shining saints of God. All that the Church adapted and chose for her worship lived by her vitality, and still lives; the rest drifted off as dead leaves on the wind. Our bourgeois Catholics, who think the Church so bound up with Capitalism, cannot imagine the Faith bereft of the props of the present financial system. They have forgotten the zeal of Him Who drove the money-changers from the Temple. They have, indeed, forgotten all zeal, having left it in the hands of the vulgar and the valiant.

The bourgeois world is breaking up, helped by the Soviet Hammer. It has become so congealed as to be impervious to the approaches of the Holy Spirit. The heart of it has become too shrivelled to contain Christianity in all its expanding richnesses. The Paraclete, Who breaks human hearts to find entry there when no doors are opened, is allowing the Hammer and Sickle to shatter the bourgeois Capitalist world in order that the structure of human society may be remoulded nearer His Heart's desire.

Life, here and hereafter, is always on the side of the intense. The Kingdom of Heaven never suffered such violence as in this hour and the violent will assuredly bear it away. The passing era has been referred to by historians as an era of violence —of physical violence. The era that is forming in the cracking chrysalis of history is likely to be known as the era of spiritual vio-

lence. The world may be an inn and God the Host, but it is plain that He does not intend us to be at ease there. The bourgeois Catholic, among others, is discovering that it becomes yearly more uncomfortable as the old assurances are removed —the cautious common sense, the "querulous rejection of life," the intellectual dishonesties and above all the drab faith in the nicely adjusted process whereby the Capitalist system sifts out men by their monetary merits.

The evils of Finance-Capitalism were by no means inevitable in the course of the development of economic institutions under the doctrine of private property. It was an unfortunate accident of history that Lutheranism, with its revolt against the Church's authority, arose at a time when new techniques and new discoveries in America and Asia, opened boundless horizons of business enterprize to the unchecked competitive spirit of the exploiters. And in the end came our bourgeois barriers built to consolidate great gains and block the invasion of Grace and all generous largeness of life. The barriers are falling. "It seems to Us that the Holy Year must be decisive, especially for the longed-for religious renewal of the modern world, and must solve that spiritual crisis which oppresses the souls of our age." When that renewal mentioned by the Holy Father comes to pass it will burst all such brittle man-made barriers with the unpredicted impetuosity of the Paraclete.

CHARITY Warren measured the regulation pleated skirts, in navy wool, with eyes judiciously critical, trying to remember exactly how big Nell-Anne was on the threshold of her first year in school. The sevens really *looked* too big, but if the straps were shortened . . . and if she could wear them next year, it would mean a saving in the long run . . .

"I'll take three in size seven," she decided. "May I look at tailored blouses? Like this picture, please, or very similar."

"In size seven, madame?"

Charity hesitated. "Oh, dear, I don't really think she can wear a seven in a blouse—"

"How old is your little girl, madame?"

"Six. And a six in a wash frock fits her perfectly. But she has some size four blouses that aren't too small, so I think a seven—"

"This is the School Girls' Shop, and sizes in our department start with seven. But, surely, if the child is already six . . ."

"May I look at them, please?"

"Certainly, madame. If you'll just step over here—"

The blouses in size seven were huge. "She couldn't possibly wear anything so big through the shoulders," Charity said positively.

First Day of

A charming story of the unforgettable event which is taking place in thousands of homes this month.

by Anna M. Record



The clerk looked skeptical. "They are supposed to hang loosely. School uniforms never fit tightly, the way you would buy a blouse for yourself."

"I know," answered Charity wearily, "but this would hang on her like a gunny sack. Where can I find smaller sizes?"

Day of School



Disdainfully, the clerk indicated another department across the store, wrapped the skirts, and gave Charity a dollar change from her ten-dollar bill. Charity looked at it ruefully as she tucked it into the coin purse on the flap of her handbag, and resolutely threaded her way between counters to the "Little Girls' Shop."

Apparently every other prospective school mother had chosen this day, afternoon, and hour for outfitting her daughter... Charity

wondered if all of them to whom the experience would be new had the sensation she had: of rushing along an unfamiliar track, roller-coaster fashion, able only to hang on without having energy or time to sort out jumbled emotions or savor each moment of her child's delicious anticipation. She had always expected to enjoy Nell-Anne's "big steps" with her, but the preparations for this biggest one of all were proving so exhausting and exacting that all she could do was work desperately through the red tape of enrolling Nell-Anne in Holy Name grade school, looking up her baptismal date for the long printed blank, securing the dates of her various vaccinations from the doctor's office, buying her books from the printed list, and now—at last—doing the shopping for her school uniforms.

The clerk at the blouse counter was a motherly soul who evinced realistic interest in Charity's problem, and eventually handed her the parcel with a warm, "I hope these are just right for her!" The bit of human sympathy relaxed the tension that had been winding tighter and tighter in Charity's diffident personality. She felt a little less weary as she glanced at her list and found the

notation, "socks," just under, "uniforms." That, at least—she hoped—could be checked off quickly.

"Charity! Hi!"

Over the babble of customers and clerks, and the scuffling uproar of hurrying feet, a familiar voice reached her clearly.

Charity raised harassed eyes from the surprisingly perplexing choice between plain navy, plain white, striped, or fire-engine red socks in size 7½. "Hello, Nina."

It was her across-the-street neighbor, Nina Phillips. Nina said cheerfully:

"Outfitting Nell-Anne for school?"

Charity nodded.

"Ditto for Betsy and Joan. Aren't prices terrific? Twenty-five cents for socks at the very cheapest. I give them three washings, no more!"

Looking at Nina Phillips' round unruffled face, Charity wondered if she—Charity Warren—were foolish to feel the first day of school a momentous milestone—not only for Nell-Anne, but for herself and Neil as parents. Little Jeanie, twenty-two months, and Mike, almost four, were still babies, still safe in the sheltered world of home: Nell-Anne, at six, was stepping off the threshold into

a new world of her own where her identity as an individual would be established. Charity and Neil would be vaguely in her background, of course, but it would be Nell-Anne who represented herself, and them, and the home they had established. It followed that Charity and Neil, as parents of a newly-independent small citizen, would have subtle adjustments to make, and to help Nell-Anne make during her transition from tiny childhood to the dignity of a first-grader....

"May I help you, madame?" The controlled impatience of the hosiery clerk's voice sent Charity fishing apologetically in her purse for a couple of bills. The sock counter really wasn't the place for philosophical reveries.

"I'm so sorry," she murmured, stuffing the envelope of socks into her bag. And the girl flashed her a smile of apology for her own momentary annoyance.

Charity and Nina left the store together, each clutching a conglomeration of packages, and, by a freak of luck, caught the next trolley home. They were even lucky enough to find seats together near the side exit. Nina showed Charity the flowered scarf and plaid pinafore she had found for ten-year-old Joan; the ruffled

frock for Betsy's first day at school. Charity could not smother a tiny pang of envy. Nell-Anne, in her tailored uniform, would be so very ant-like, despite her butterfly face. But Betsy's dress was charming, and she praised it generously.

"How does Betsy feel about school, Nina? Excited now that it's so close?"

Actually she couldn't imagine stolid, kewpie-faced Betsy Phillips excited over anything, but perhaps her mother could divine emotions seething away beneath her placid exterior that even a lifelong neighbor couldn't sense.

Nina chuckled— subduedly, since the trolley was crowded. "My goodness, no! Is Nell-Anne?"

"She's been fizzing like ginger ale all week. I hope it measures up to her expectations..."

"Gracious, here's our street already!" Nina pulled the signal cord, and they scrambled off with their packages and shopping bags.

"Well, I know one thing," Nina declared, as they walked down the street toward home, "I'm going to enjoy a quiet house after all these racketty years!"

Charity could feel the surprise on her face, but she withheld her impulsive comment. Betsy was

the younger of the two Phillips children. Perhaps by the time Baby Jeanie trundled off to school, she too would find the resultant quiet uppermost in her mind!

"Too bad Nell-Anne can't start with the other beginners on the block," Nina offered sympathetically. "Jim and I were saying only last night that if we were you and Neil we'd send her to Number Four instead of to Holy Name. The bus, every day of the world, so early in the morning—and separating her from her friends—I tell you, Charity, I just wouldn't do it!"

"Neil and I feel it's important that she go to Holy Name," Charity said mildly but definitely.

"I suppose there are arguments both ways," Nina conceded promptly, with conscious broad-mindedness, and Charity forebore from answering that, for Catholic parents, there were sound "arguments" on only one side. Deprive Nell-Anne of the Sisters' guidance, the privilege of learning more about her faith as she began her formal education? Unthinkable!

The children swarmed over Charity as she crossed the yard, their voices shrill and questioning. What had she bought? Had she brought them a surprise? Could

they see Nell-Anne's new school clothes?

Charity calmed them laughing-ly, paid the neighbor girl who had "sat" with them while she shopped, and then distributed the dime store knickknacks she had taken time to select for "surprises." The clothes for Nell-Anne, though a trifle loose, were the sizes she would have bought if she'd felt up to taking the child with her through the crowds for a fitting. Thankfully, Charity folded the skirt neatly, and laid it on her bed, well-satisfied, now that she actually saw it, with her daughter's trim tailored appearance...

Six years ago Nell-Anne had been a doll-size scrap of dimples and gold fuzz and rosy little peach-bloom cheeks. The nurse had held her on a pillow for Charity and Neil's first entranced glimpse of their child. It seemed impossible that six full years could have passed, that the gold-haired baby could now be a brown, sturdy, yellow-headed little girl, still possessing the dimpled chin and the thick sooty lashes that had been so lovely when Charity first saw them.

Memories clung to her like rainbow-tinted cobwebs during the evening—this last evening before

Nell-Anne became a school girl. While Neil read the paper, she saw Nell-Anne at every age-level: kicking in her crib, sitting up proudly in her carriage, standing at the railing of her play pen, essaying her first wobbling steps across the nursery... *I'm losing my baby*, she thought, with sudden stabbing pain, and then tried to tease herself out of the sentimental mood. How silly it was to dwell on the past instead of the bright, and equally happy, present!

"Mother, is it tomorrow? Is tomorrow the day?"

"Tomorrow's the day, darling. Daddy and I will be so proud of our big school girl."

"I'll be all grown-up," mused Nell-Anne with satisfaction. "I know exactly where to go, Mother. The Sister told me—remember?—when we went down to get me registered."

It was all she could talk of, but bedtime for the children—even sleep for the excited little girl so eager for tomorrow—came at last, and at last everything was in readiness for the great day. Nell-Anne's blouse had been unpinned and freshly pressed; her sandals had been whitened. Her clothes were laid out neatly on a chair, and beside them, on an end table,

her slim shiny new books were stacked in preparation for a year in which she would grow in grace and wisdom under the united supervision of her teachers and parents.

Charity made coffee for herself and Neil, and brought it into the living room. Humorously he clinked his cup against hers: "Here's to the old folks, honey! We're getting on—with a daughter old enough for school!"

Charity sighed, taking a sip of her coffee. "Nell-Anne is so excited she can hardly wait."

"She'll simmer down and be cool as a cucumber tomorrow," Neil prophesied. "You'll be the one who takes it like an earthquake."

Charity denied it so vehemently that he chuckled; but, even so, the next morning she was inwardly less calm than was Nell-Anne outwardly. As Neil had said, Nell-Anne was poised and collected. While Charity brushed her hair to dark burnished gold, and straightened her collar over the neck of her jacket, Neil teased them both, then produced a couple of pencils with Nell-Anne's name printed on them as a special little school day surprise.

"Oh, Daddy, thank you!" Nell-Anne took them eagerly, and picked up her books. "Is it time

for the bus, Mother? It is, isn't it?"

"Almost. You may as well go outside to wait for it."

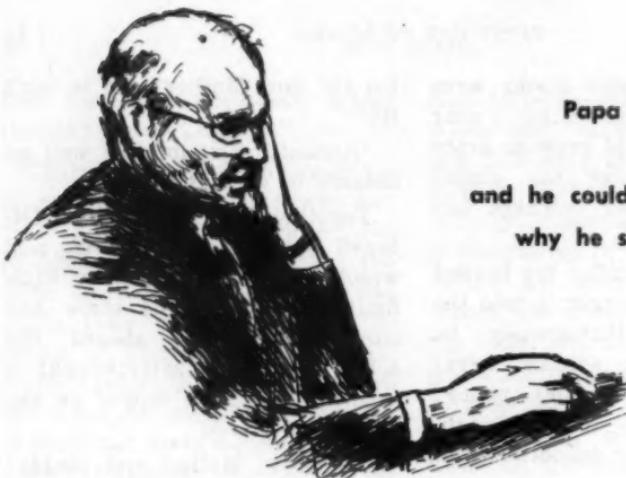
Together Charity and Neil followed her out on the porch, and watched her self-sufficient little figure run down the steps and climb competently aboard the school bus. As an afterthought, it seemed, Nell-Anne tapped on the glass and waved.

"Goodbye, Mother and Daddy! Goodbye, goodbye!"

"Why, darling," said Neil softly, his arm going around her, "you're crying... Because she looked so little, going away from us for the first time?"

"No," whispered Charity, the unexplainable tears still slipping down her cheeks, "no... Because she looked so grown-up, saying goodbye to babyhood."

And because, being a father and not a mother, he did not understand what she meant, yet realized her need for comfort, Neil bent and kissed her and, for a moment, held her wordlessly against his heart. Comforted, Charity went with him back into the house, from the bulwark of home sending her love and a silent blessing with the child who had "grown-up" beyond the need—and beyond the efficacy—of their constant presence.



Thirty years
Papa had cut leather
in the factory,
and he could not understand
why he should ever stop.

ANNA Cipicchio placed crisp bacon on her husband's breakfast plate. "How do you feel this morning, Papa?" she asked, blinking away a tear. "A bit weak — maybe?"

Joe's dark tortured eyes widened. "A bit weak? Me? What gave you that idea?"

Anna sat down opposite him, smiling thinly, and a little hopelessly. After two terrible weeks sick in bed and a third week sitting immobile in his chair by the window, Joe now sat at breakfast with dark hollows under his eyes and a gaunt, pale face, and he had the nerve to ask her that.

"I've lived on this earth for fifty-nine years," he told her between mouthfuls, "and I've been in good health every one of them."

"Good health?" Anna echoed.

"Do you call chronic bronchitis and asthma good health? Do you call what you just been through good health? Do you call having the priest in to say the last sacraments over you because you were nearly dying three weeks ago good health?"

Joe waved his hand. He had gnarled, big-veined hands, the fingers scarred from the innumerable times he had sliced them under the cutters at the leather goods factory, where he worked as head cutter and shop foreman under the boss, Hancock. "I got to hurry," he said. "It's after seven."

"Papa." Her voice was very soft, and very urgent. "Don't go back to work."

He reached for more toast.

"You can quit," she went on,

BY JOHN M. CURRY

feeling the force of her heartbeats. "Like Doctor Ugo said. He said if you quit you can live another twenty years. Twenty years we can have together, Papa."

Joe stopped chewing. "We are together. What are you saying?"

"Together, you say. No vacation in ten years. Rush seasons, work till nine and ten at night. I see you all day Sundays. At

in God, Mama. You got to pray for things to be all right and then you got to believe that things are going to be all right. And sure enough, they will be, no matter what." But now she wondered. Joe wasn't helping any in making things all right.

He handed her a ten dollar bill. "For the cigars," he said. "Get them this afternoon. Make sure

whistles blow no more

Church, and the rest of the day asleep."

"Sure, asleep Sundays. Why not? So I can do a good day's work Mondays."

She sighed. "The doctor thinks you should quit. Let Hancock get somebody else to turn out his stuff. Please, Papa. For me." Her hands were clasped together on the table as though in prayer.

"The doctor!" With a bang, Joe lowered his coffee cup to the saucer. His eyes grew cold and forbidding. "What does the doctor know? Does he have to work at the shop like I do? You want I should let my friend Hancock down?"

Again Anna sighed. Once Joe had told her: "I haven't much, but I have you. And I have faith, too. You got to have faith

you get Corona Perfectos. Understand?"

Anna nodded. She put the bill in the pocket of her apron.

"For thirty years," Joe said, "Hancock and I have remembered each other's birthdays. He likes those cigars. He likes me, Mama. Did you notice the way he kept calling up me and the doc to find out when I'd be back? Tell me, Mama. What would I do if I quit?"

The knuckles of her clasped hands whitened. "Your money comes in three months. That—what is it? That annuity. We could live nice on that. We could buy that little country place you always talk about. We could have a garden to keep you busy, better than that sandy soil you struggle with in the back yard. You always

wanted a nice garden, Papa. Now you can have one. Please, papa—”

A factory whistle ruptured the morning peace with a warning blast.

Joe glanced at the wall clock. “It’s getting late. Mama, Hancock wouldn’t do bad by me and I won’t do bad by him. So nobody can make me quit and that’s that.” He got up and walked out to the living room. Watching his slow steps, the way he shook his head from dizziness, Anna grew faint with fright. So weak, so weak!

“Look, Mama,” he said after kissing her. “Remember one thing. Things are going to be all right.”

At the front window, she watched Joe walk to the corner, a lonely figure in his worn brown overcoat and old gray hat, his thin shoulders hunched up against the cold March wind. She watched till tears came, blinding her. It was right you should pray to God. But you should help God. You should take care of the health God gave you, and Papa didn’t. For once Papa was wrong. Things were not going to be all right.

That morning she got the cigars, making sure they were fresh. Nothing but the best for Joe’s friend Hancock. Then, feeling old and terribly tired, she lay down on the living room couch for

a nap.

She felt someone shaking her and sat up blinking. It was Joe. She saw it was still light outside. Her gaze fastened in alarm to Joe. His face. Ashen gray. His eyes, dull and tired, deadly tired. “An attack!” she whispered hoarsely. “They sent you home!”

Joe sank down on the couch. His words came slowly, as though it hurt to say them. “Hancock got himself a new man.”

She couldn’t speak at first and when she did her voice was choked with tears. “Oh, Papa, they didn’t!” Tenderly she stroked his rough cheek. “What happened, Papa?”

“Ahhhh — I get to the shop and Hancock meets me with a sad face and has me meet this new man they just took on, this Valente. I tell you, Valente doesn’t know a tenth of what I know. Yet Valente is in and Cipicchio is out.”

Anna fell silent a moment. For all the esteem in which Hancock was supposed to have held Joe, he couldn’t wait a measly three weeks without hiring a new man. “Papa,” she said. “Listen. It’s all for the best. What difference if you quit or get fired?” But she didn’t believe her own argument. She knew there was a world of difference.

“Just like that, he tells me.

'Joe, we hate to let you go, but it's the best thing for you.' Words, just words."

What could she say? "By the way, Papa," she said timidly, "what should I do with those cigars?"

"Throw them out! I worked hard for that guy. I sweated. I slaved. And he does this to me!"

Joe's discouragement began to eat its way into Anna's heart. He had been so proud of being needed at the factory. *Things are going to be all right.* Things had been all right for thirty years, because Joe had prayed that they would.

But somehow, Anna could not help feeling things were still all right, even now. Maybe it was her own faith in God. But somehow, she knew. Surely God wouldn't let Papa live out his remaining years in discouragement, bitterness maybe, because he'd been fired like that—

"And look at this," Joe said. He took something from his pocket. "Hancock gave me this. Can you imagine! A present. If you can call it a present."

Anna took the small paper package, her gaze fastening in disbelief on the plant it contained. A package of rose plants. She frowned at Joe. "Why did he give you this?"

"Should I know? He knows I

can't grow roses in that excuse for a garden I have. The soil's not good enough, and drainage is bad."

There was silence for a long time, and then Anna smiled warmly. Suddenly she began to understand.

Nobody could have made Joe quit. Nobody but Hancock.

And Hancock had fired Joe for his own good, not letting him know what the reason was. If Joe had known he was still needed at the shop, even Hancock couldn't have kept him away. And that rose plant was the boss' way of telling Joe why he'd let him go.

Sure! Hadn't Hancock talked with Doctor Ugo on the phone and found out how bad off Joe was? And it had been a sacrifice for the boss. Their new man, Valente, knew almost nothing about the shop.

That little package of rose plants! It was a symbol of Joe's new freedom on earth. Freedom to buy that little place in the country where he could have his garden and where roses could grow. Freedom to live out his last years as he would like to live them, but had been afraid of letting Hancock down. Yes, God had been listening to Joe's prayers all these years.

She said: "Papa, how about go-

ing to a movie tonight? There's a good mystery at the Palace. You always liked mysteries."

Tiredly Joe shook his head. "You ought to know I can't stay out late during the week, Mama."

She laughed. A thirty years' habit that even now he found hard to break. "Tomorrow you can sleep late. Remember?"

He heaved a tired breath. "Yes. I remember. Okay, Mama. I'll go if you want me to."

Anna put on her hat, thinking of those cigars. Tomorrow she must manage to have them sent to Hancock with a note of thanks.

◆ Father Skelly and

Although the Miraculous Medal originated in Paris it is due chiefly to the zeal of an American priest, Father Joseph Skelly, that some fifty million men and women are wearing the medal today. When Joseph Skelly was a boy in Germantown, Pennsylvania his mother hung one of the medals on a cord around his neck as she had with his seven brothers and three sisters. Many years later when Father Skelly undertook the job of raising funds to build St. Joseph's College at Princeton, N. J., he slipped one of the medals into each letter asking for contributions. Impressed by the unexpected generous response he decided that a special mark of gratitude to the Virgin Mary was in

Joe was waiting for her at the door. "Come on," he said. There was impatience in his voice. "You don't want to miss the beginning, do you?"

"No," she said, joining him. "I don't want to miss the beginning. It's going to be a wonderful beginning, Papa." After the show, when he was relaxed, she'd tell him Hancock had not done him wrong, that the boss had done him a big favor, that God had watched over him. "Papa," she said, her arm tightening in his, "you wait and see. Things are going to be all right."

the Miraculous Medal

order. In 1915 he founded the Central Association of the Miraculous Medal.

Today Father Skelly's organization is said to have the second largest mail volume in Philadelphia—next to Sears and Roebuck. Promoters are recruited to sign up and send in the annual dues of 25 cents each for a band of eight members. Part of the fund is used to help poor boys studying for the priesthood; most of it goes to promote prayer to "Our Lady of the Miraculous Medal." Some promoters have enrolled more than 1,000 members (total membership runs into several millions) and the names of such recipients range from Pope Pius XII to Mae West.

ST. BENEDICT THE MAN

THE spirituality of St. Benedict is characterized by discretion. The holy Patriarch loves the right measure, the middle way, the true norm, capable of lasting. St. Gregory the Great says of him: "He wrote a rule for monks remarkable especially for discretion." If discretion is primarily a virtue of judgment which disposes a man to judge rightly in adapting the principles and commandments to the concrete capabilities of each one, it is necessary to recognize that the characteristic of the role of St. Benedict and of St. Francis de Sales in the history of Christian asceticism was an influence of discretion.

Before St. Francis de Sales, there was a tendency to consider a devout life as incompatible with the married state, life in the world, and the occupations which usually accompany it. It was thought not to be made for those who lived in villas, in houses, in the court. By a work full

of discretion, St. Francis traces for Philothea a program of life for attaining to the perfection of holy love without vows, nor religious habit, nor the material forsaking of the world, nor retreat behind the grilles of a convent.

Similarly, St. Benedict relaxes nothing of the learned asceticism of the Fathers of the desert, of the rules of St. Pachomius and of St. Basil. As to charity, obedience, the spirit of prayer, humility, the spirit of renunciation of the goods of this world and of oneself, his prescriptions diminish nothing. On the other hand, in all that does not belong basically to Christian asceticism, the rules concerning food, the length of prayer, the diversity of work, the care of instruction, the use of baths, in all these things the Rule of St. Benedict is unbelievably more condescending than that of his predecessors. By it the asceticism of the Fathers of the East was transmitted



to the Latin monastic communities under a form accommodated to their capabilities and to the requirements of their education. One may truthfully say of St. Benedict what was recently written of St. Francis de Sales: he knew how "to temper all without weakening anything."

Whether St. Benedict treats of the administration of the monastery or of the direction of souls he keeps uppermost in mind the idea of a *just measure*. *Let the Abbot*, he writes, *be provident and considerate*. For Benedict *discretion is the mother of virtues*. When he fixes the norms common to all he remarks immediately that the Abbot may and ought to judge of the fitness of exceptions and of the just distribution of everything according to the needs of each one. St. Benedict also teaches that it is necessary to *moderate all things so that those who are strong may desire to do more and those who are weak may not be discouraged*.

He is persuaded that the guidance of men is a difficult task, and that it demands on the part of the spiritual Father *an adaptation corresponding to the diversity of characters*. According to this diversity of characters St. Benedict teaches that it is necessary to have recourse to persuasion of the intellect, fear of chastisement, encouragement with kind words and love and to choose the opportune moment in order to obtain very efficacious results.

Sometimes in his Rule St. Benedict announces certain rather rigid principles: *the life of the monk should*

be a continual Lent; or again; wine is not the drink for monks. But immediately in the context he indicates a milder practice as being better adapted to community life. This announcing of the principle demanding the ideal and this condescendence, not demanding its full realization, when the essence of Christian perfection is not at stake, appears to us to be a detail which reveals the perfect spirit of moderation of the holy legislator.

This same spirit of discretion which, in St. Benedict, seems to be the mature fruit of reflected thought, appears in St. Francis de Sales with a charm of spontaneity seeming to require no consideration.

In the whole work of the Saint, but especially in his letters, we taste the charm of a discretion at the same time delicate, easy, and extremely useful to sanctification. To a lady more zealous than considerate, but ardent for the acquisition of virtues, he wrote: "Love nothing too much, I beseech you, not even the virtues, which one loses sometimes by going too far."

To souls less ardent, subjected to discouragement the Saint adapts his teaching on spiritual progress: "We might all have the desire of attaining the height of virtue, but we must not lose courage when we do not attain immediately the essence of virtue nor should we be dissatisfied, provided that we do our best."

To a young mother, depressed because of the expectation of a family

difficulty, the Saint writes: "Do not put yourself in misery by forcing yourself to any kind of exercise. If you are tired on your knees, sit down; if you have not enough attention to pray half an hour, pray a quarter of an hour. I beg you to put yourself in the presence of God and to bring your sorrows before Him... Do not worry that you do not perform well the acts of the virtues, because they are still very good even though they are done without fervor, tardily, and, as it were, through force. You can give nothing to God except what you have. Do not torment yourself by trying to do a great deal, but dispose yourself to suffer with love that which makes you suffer."

In the correction of faults St. Francis never intends to depart from wise discretion. He writes to an Abbess to work at the reform of her monastery "... with all sweetness and moderation. It is necessary to have a long-winded heart, and to mix kindness with justice, like the good God, in order that charity may be exercised and discipline observed."

Discreet in his contacts with souls, the holy Bishop is so likewise as a writer. He writes in the preface of the *Treatise On The Love of God*: "Certainly I had in consideration the condition of the spirit of this world, and I should have had; it is very important to consider in what age one writes."

We have seen that St. Benedict attributed to discretion the title of *mother of virtues*. Being of the very same opinion, St. Francis makes his own the word of St. Anthony the Hermit: "Briefly, and as I have often told you, discretion is a virtue without which no virtue is a virtue, not even devotion."

The sense of discretion or of right measure appears to us to be the first detail of likeness binding the mentality of the two Saints. This judicious discernment of old gave the principal value to their spiritualities, and even today, after so many centuries, it is to the spirit of discretion that the doctrine of the two Saints owes its lasting vitality.

This selection is condensed from *St. Benedict the Man* by Dom I. Ryelandt, O.S.B., Grail Publication, St. Meinrad, Indiana.

"The root of all vices is too much love and anxiety for worldly things and pastimes; the illness can only be remedied by Christianity."

PIUS XI

Books

The Bump on Brannigan's Head

Storm of Glory

I Leap Over the Wall

Brief Notices

THE BUMP ON BRANNIGAN'S HEAD. By Myles Connolly. The Macmillan Company, New York. 157 pp. \$2.50.

Tom Brannigan's Celtic faith is crippled from regular encounters with Irish whiskey and his own Irish temper. He was once thrown out of the Holy Name Society for cursing at their Communion Breakfast. He regularly "gave out" with 'Molly Malone' on Saturday nights at Casey's saloon. Despite his ulcers he sometimes came home loaded with whiskey "up to his ears." Brannigan's temper was both well known and respected in Whittiersville.

There is a crisis in the Brannigan family when the story begins. Brannigan's son, Little Tom, had gone to college and found that religion was incompatible with science. Science, he thought, had shown him the futility of all life with its individual affections and emotions. Little Tom leaves home to avoid the weekly quarrel about his not going to Mass on Sundays. He taunts Brannigan for preaching but not practising his religion—for not really loving his neighbor as is manifested by Brannigan's frequent outbursts of temper.

Brannigan decides that he is going to practise charity at all times. He begins by cutting down a tall hedge which had separated him from the blaring radio of his neighbors, the Gordons. After the hedge is cut, Mrs. Gordon recovers from deafness. There follows a succession of incidents in which Brannigan speaks kindly where he would once have emitted a torrent of verbal abuse. One of the incidents began with a "bump" on Brannigan's head, but the title is more an ornament than a key to the story. With each incident other cures are reported.

Ed Matchett, a boarder at the Gordons, writes a piece on Brannigan for the local newspaper, the *Globe*. He calls Brannigan "a model neighbor, the man who cuts down hedges, who breaks barriers—the man of the future!" The *Globe* follows up the cures with a view of increased sales through sensationalism. The paper starts a "We love everybody" crusade with Tom Brannigan, who finds himself hailed as "Saint Thomas of Whittiersville," reluctantly at the head. Little Tom is more disgusted than ever. He regards love as a biochemical action the formula

of which has not been fully worked out.

Despite, or perhaps because of, the great stir in Whittiersville the *Globe's* sales go down. So the publisher revives an old principle: the secret of success is to remember that every man is a crook at heart. He "exposes" Brannigan as a faker, saying the "Saint" had even run his own son out of his house. This brings the enraged Little Tom into the *Globe's* office, but before he can do any damage he learns that his father is dying from neglected ulcers. Little Tom rushes to his father's bedside and tells him that he loves him. The result is another "miracle;" his father recovers in a moment, and Little Tom returns to the Church. The mass hysteria for the "We love everybody" movement dies out, and life becomes normal again.

The Bump on Brannigan's Head is a story with a message: love everybody—even your relatives. The author does not have the flashes of brilliance that we find in his *Mr. Blue*. He does have a more integrated story from the point of view of structure, but we get the idea that the structure is prefabricated and not inspired. The characters are conventional, shallow, and for the most part emotional. The action is melodramatic and implausible. The style is very simple with no niceties of expression. But for all its literary limitations the book exists for the message, and the message is very worth while:

"We love everybody,
And love them more and more!
The Spanish and the Russian,
The Irish and the Prussian,
And the man next door!"

—Joseph Sprug

STORM OF GLORY—St. Thérèse of Lisieux. By John Beevers. Sheed & Ward, Inc. New York. 231 pp. \$3.00.

We Moderns smile at an old rosewood sofa covered with shiny, slippery horsehair, or at a hand-painted globular china lamp shade attached to an oil lamp. Quaint old dresses with high necks topped with a ruching of lawn or lace amuse us as we come across such things in our attics (if we are fortunate enough to have such a treasure house) or in a second-hand shop. A sort of nostalgic shiver passes pleasantly over us as we catch far-off memories like the scent of lavender of Eau de Cologne—and the mood passes.

Certain children of this generation however are wiser. They remove the gewgaws, and the jig-saw decorations from the sofa, strip off the horsehair cloth to replace it with a more modish covering, scrape off the varnish, bleach the wood, and produce a "find." The hand-painted china shade alone of the old oil lamp is kept and appears as an entirely different bit of decoration. The high ruched collar of the old gown is retained and a new "chic" look is acquired by cutting away the sleeves of the dress and its entire back. Some fundamental idea of usefulness is

kept, seemingly almost indestructible.

But take a piece of literary work of seventy-odd years ago and its lush verbiage and literary frills disgust or repel the modern "child of this world" and even those "of the light." In this case few attempts, if any, are even made to get at the basic thought or expression. Thought, word, expression—all are "definitely" outmoded, passé, irreclaimably "awful."

John Beevers does this however for the Little Flower and her autobiography. He recognizes that her happy childhood is distasteful to our age that feeds on brutish accounts of infant monsters. The child must at least be depraved spiritually to be credible. So Mr. Beevers goes ahead to peel off this bit of passementerie and that gewgaw to show underneath the extravagant or unfamiliar expression the same natural love of a daughter for her father, or that the words used are not too unnatural in writing what was thought to be a private account to one's own sister.

So in a process far more intelligent than the clever debunking of a Lytton Strachey or Philip Guadella in the "roaring twenties", when they shamelessly stripped dead Victorian giants in their psychographs, Mr. Beevers clears away the unfamiliar and too-rich wording to show plainly that St. Thérèse did have in an heroic degree the foundations for a true saint's life—sacrifice, love, prayer.

Better still, he then turns the mirror on the children of this twentieth century world, and picking out their main faults and vices, contrasts St. Thérèse's simplicity with our pride, her mortifications versus our curiosity, her "littleness" as against our lust for power, her intense physical sufferings against our love of comfort.

God gave us the Little Flower as an example of a sanctity that is simple and easily accessible to all—not only for seventy five years ago but for His eternal Now, and Mr. Beevers has shown clearly the place St. Thérèse has in leading us of the twentieth century back to a saintly and sane simplicity by her "little way."

—Alarie Scotcher, O.S.B.

I LEAP OVER THE WALL. By Monica Baldwin. Rinehart and Company, Inc. New York and Toronto. 313 pp. \$3.50.

Whether one goes into a convent or comes out—it is truly a leap. A world which for the most part has never understood why people enter convents was bound by curiosity to be eagerly interested in the story of one who came out.

By now practically every Catholic has heard of Monica Baldwin's *I Leap Over the Wall*, some having read it with sympathy, others condemning it out of hand unread for having been written by an "ex-nun" who after 28 years of convent life decided she never had a vocation!

Many non-Catholics have read it, and more still have "read into it." From this reviewer's point of view, let it be understood at once that Rome dispensed Miss Baldwin from her vows, and as no one pretends to be holier than the Church, any criticism that is made is of the book, not of Miss Baldwin's action. She herself makes clear that she does not blame the Church, but attributed her perseverance for 15 years after deciding she had made a mistake to her own stubbornness and a determination to be a nun.

Certainly no cloistered nun could defend the religious life more avidly than does Miss Baldwin in telling of arguments with friends about that state of life. Despite her personal rebellion against the rigid discipline of the religious life, her book holds it up as something worth striving for. She acknowledges, sometimes bitterly and sometimes sadly, that she could not attain it herself. The urge for "freedom" of her own will and an admitted inability to achieve an understanding of humility were stronger in her case than any earlier desire for intimate union with God. By her admission of these failures, Miss Baldwin's impressions become those of one trying to see through the eyes of the Lover without loving what she beholds.

At the age of 50, Miss Baldwin, niece of an English Prime Minister, stepped back into an England of World War II, into a world which had spent the twenty-eight years be-

fore 1941 in becoming more terrifying, complex and confused. The description of what she found is interesting, but also reveals that she did not like what she found outside the walls any better than what she had left within them. Any value for the layman in the book lies in the self-analysis in light of her condemnation of the world she found. Had she not been so critical of what she had left behind in the convent, such criticism might bear some weight.

The author's way of thinking is confusing. In one spot she declares that life in an Order throws one more and more upon oneself so one "remains rather like a child with the same outlook and vocabulary as when one 'first went in.'" Later, in defending nuns against the charge of becoming fussy, spinsterish or ultra-feminine we read "The nearness to God, which invariably results when the religious life is lived fully and generously, induces a width of outlook, a depth of character, an enrichment of the entire personality which can be derived from no other means."

Again, Miss Baldwin discusses her determination to enter the convent, attributing to herself motives of stubbornness and selfishness. Says she, "Now I have always found that to set one's heart stubbornly upon one's own sweet will is apt to blind one. Had I considered even for a moment, anyone else's point of view except my own, I might have seen... it stands to reason that religious life,

which is essentially a life of sacrifice, will never succeed if it is based on selfishness." Later when she decides to flee to her dream cottage in Cornwall, she philosophizes thus, "In reviewing my mis-spent life I am increasingly impressed by the fact that all my worst mistakes have resulted from turning a deaf ear to Inward Urges.... All my life I have been subject to these Urges. Now and again, I have resisted... I have invariably regretted it. When, however, I have obeyed my Urge, no matter how crazy the course of action may have seemed at the moment, it always turned out for the best."

Not with intended unkindness do we say the book left us with the impression that it had been misnamed. After fifteen years of hesitating to "leap," *I Sit on the Wall* would have been far more appropriate. But that of course makes one think of Humpty-Dumpty and all the king's horses and all the king's men.

—Frances King

BRIEF NOTICES

The Holy See at Work by Edward Heston, C.S.C., a book of about 190 pages, deals with the various organizations aiding the Holy Father to administer the spiritual and temporal affairs of the Church. A good reference book for the home or rectory library. (Published by The Bruce Publishing Company, Inc., Milwaukee 1, Wisconsin. Price \$2.50).

Among recent pamphlets *Young*

Christian Students is almost a "must" item for any young Catholic entering or attending a university. The first two chapters state clearly what is so vague and almost unheard of in most university students' minds: the existence of a student vocation and the existence of definite needs in student life. The remainder of the pamphlet explains the Y.C.S., as a specialized Catholic Action movement for students—how it works, "Do's and Dont's," even a paper on the Chaplain's place in it. It outlines a truly apostolic life and view of fellow students and the world—based squarely on the life of the first Christians and shows clearly that in such a vocation the temporal does not distract from the spiritual but enriches it. (Edited by Y.C.S., 638 Denning Place, Chicago, Illinois. Published by Fides Publishers, Inc., 325 Lincoln Way West, South Bend, Indiana. 48 pp. Price 50¢).

What You Should Know About Catholics, a small vest-pocket size, 27 page pamphlet by the Rt. Rev. John J. Walde (1005 N.E. 16th Street, Oklahoma City, Oklahoma), deserves the six printings it has gone through. With answers to the ten most popular objections by Protestants, a list of many dogmas of the Faith supported by quotations from the King James version of the Bible, and a daily prayer suitable for anyone in the Church or out, its size and content should make it good for distribution in predominantly non-Catholic circles.

THE WORKER'S PRAYER

Lord Jesus Christ, I offer Thee this day all my work, my hopes and struggles, my joys and sorrows. Grant to me and all my fellow workers the grace to think like Thee, to work with Thee, and to live in Thee. Help me to love Thee with all my heart and serve Thee with all my strength.

Lord Jesus Christ, Carpenter of Nazareth, you were a worker as I am; give me and all the workers of the world the privilege to work as You did, so that everything we do may be to the

benefit of our fellow men and the greater glory of God.

CHRIST the Workman



Thy kingdom come into our offices, factories and shops, into our home and into our streets. Give us this day a living wage, so that we may better be able to keep Thy law. May we earn it without envy or injustice. To us who labor and are heavily burdened send speedily the refreshment of Thy love. May we never sin against Thee. Show us Thy way to work, and when it is done, may we with all our fellow workers rest in peace. Amen.

from Friendship House News
Sept. 1947, now The Catholic
Interracialist.

Rt. Rev. Alcuin Deutch cl
St. John Abbey
Collegeville, Minn.

PRAY
• AND •
WORK

